THE BYSTANDER
VOL. XXXVII.—No. 476.

JANUARY 15, 1913

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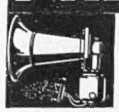

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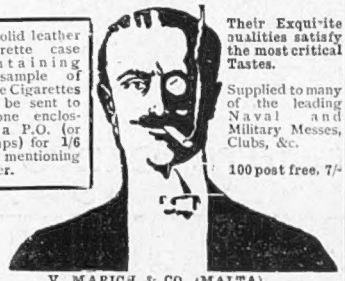

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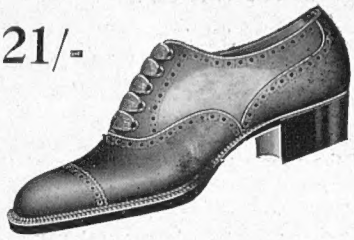

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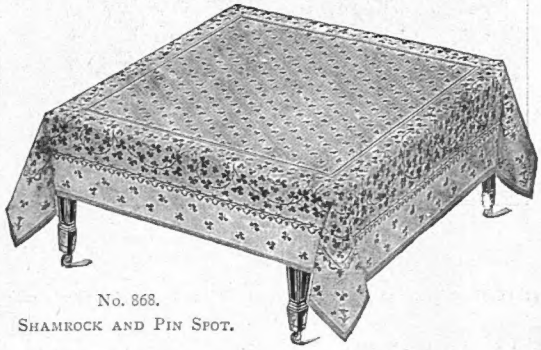

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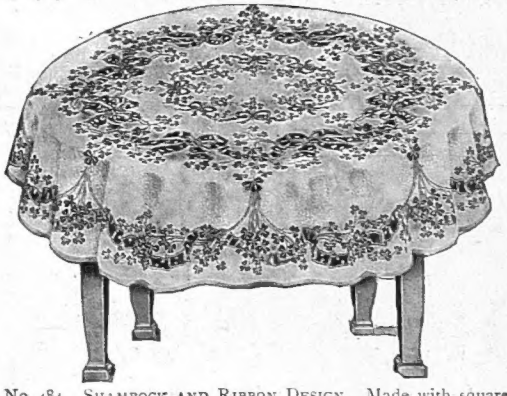

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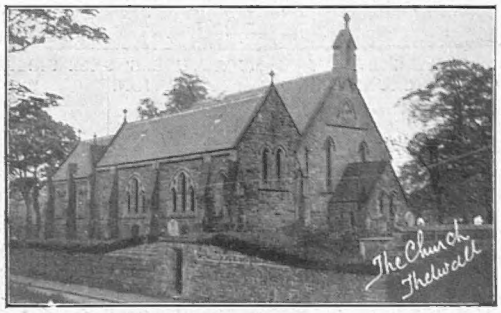

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No. 476.—Vol. XXXVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 15, 1913 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *W. and D. Downey*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

Whose serious illness the British public is following with great concern and sympathy. The latest reports from Montreal indicate that the malady has passed the critical stage, and it is sincerely hoped that no complications will ensue

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (*modified*)

"Uncle Five-Heads"

The following, snipped from Friday's *Morning Post*, seemed somewhat droll:

> Lord Northcliffe does not expect to return from the South of France until March, and is not receiving correspondence.

Can it be possible that his lordship doesn't even *know* that he is Uncle Five-Heads, and at the present moment, through his various Press organs (*Answers* and *Home Chat* included), engaged in dictating the policy of the Unionist party? If so, then perhaps somebody will hand to him this paragraph telling him that he is—he really is! Also that to be in the South of France and receiving no correspondence at such a moment is really too disobliging of him.

* * *

After B.M.G.

Mr. Bonar Law was, I understand, quite self-composed as to his safety in the leadership until Monday of last week. On that date a petition was prepared assuring him of the unswerving loyalty and admiration of the rank and file of the party, and he took natural alarm. It reminded him so very much of what they used to say to Mr. Balfour shortly before they turned him out.

* * *

B.M.R.

The trouble in the party is not one that need seriously disturb the outside member. The invitation to Mr. Balfour to move the rejection of the Home Rule Bill (as he was selected to move that of the Minimum Wage last spring) fairly clearly indicates the ultimate solution of the leadership problem. The one man in the party of proved foresight and discretion will sooner or later be asked to resume the lead from which he should never have been deposed. In the beginning Mr. Balfour said, "Tariff Reform, but——." For a long time the party objected to the "but"; now, in a memorial of four pages, they have accepted it. Moral: B.M.R. (Balfour Must Return).

Wanted—Breakfasts

I have it on authority that the real trouble in the Unionist party is that none of the leaders is at home at breakfast—in the hospitable sense, that is. To be at home to breakfast to any reputable journalist has been Mr. Lloyd George's rule ever since he became Chancellor, and the result has been that when trouble has arisen in the party the Press organs have, at all events, been properly informed of Mr. George's side of the case. Out of the Chancellor's breakfast eggs has been hatched many a plot for the dishment of Whiggery. The "Veto First" conspiracy was born amid the fumes of fried bacon, and I am not sure that the Land Policy, when it finally reaches us, won't have literally a fishy odour about it.

* * *

A Chance for Mr. Law

Why, it is asked by many a Unionist Editor, isn't Mr. Law at home to breakfast? Had the Editors of the *Daily Mail*, *Answers*, *Mother and Home*, and the *Times* only been able to split a dish of porridge with those of the *Express*, *Pall Mall*, *Morning Post*, and *Telegraph*, the leader might, in more than one sense, have made Free Fooders of them all.

* * *

What's in a Name

The Bulgarian grievance against the Rumanian Envoy in London, M. Take Jonescu, is largely

Photograph HABITUÉS OF MÜRREN [*Ullyett*

Mrs. Asquith, with her son and daughter (Miss Elizabeth Asquith), on the rink at Mürren, which is now the annual winter retreat of the Premier's wife

Busy Riding. By E. T. Reed

SIR BONAR DE LOI: "Well, this is very undignified, but I suppose the only thing to do with a charger like this is just to keep on charging"

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MASTER DERRICK BLYTHE AS A YELLOW PIERROT

Photographs

MISS BERYL HITCHIN AS ROSALIND

his Christian name, which expresses Rumania's present attitude rather too clearly. Dr. Daneff's name, unfortunately, isn't Give.

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The Truth About Adrianople

The opinion is firm in diplomatic circles that the *impassé* over Adrianople is a clever piece of bluff. Turkey and Bulgaria have already secretly arranged the future of the fortress between them. The pretence of a crisis is being put up by Bulgaria to stave off (1) the claims of Rumania, and (2) the claims of Greece to Salonika. Probably, also, Turkey and Bulgaria have already signed a secret treaty of alliance, which will be the dominant factor in Near Eastern politics for a long time to come.

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Welcome and Au Revoir

While England has welcomed the return of one Mr. Shackleton to England, it has to say *au revoir* to another—Sir Ernest of that ilk, who announces his intention of going on yet another Polar trip, which will take him, he hopes, as far South as it is possible to get.

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Why?

Why is it, I wonder, that certain people connected with Liberal Party Organisation are declining all social engagements in Town for a certain week in April? Are they all going off *en masse* for a trip to the Riviera, or is the attraction somewhere nearer home?

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More Dulness?

A General Election this Spring would be socially unpopular, for, politics apart, a Liberal Government further entrenched in office means a continuance of a period of dulness in high places unsurpassed in living recollection.

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The Public Schoolboy Again

Pity the Public Schoolboy. He can do no right (in the newspapers). Yesteryear the plaint was that he was awkward and boisterous, unkempt and boorish. To-day, *vide* correspondents in the *Mail*, the charge against him is that he is the reverse. He "buts in" socially and usurps the place of his elders. He hunts, shoots, golfs, plays billiards, is a judge of smokes and wines, and dares, when dining out, to seek conversation with the Young Person of the opposite sex!

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Unfair Complaints

The *Daily Mail* really ought, before opening its columns, to assure itself that its correspondents have a genuine case—even if they are on the staff. To grumble because the youth of the present day dares to qualify himself for the society of his elders is truly ungracious. Most people are only too glad that their homecoming schoolboys are satisfied with, and able to take part in, the staid and sober amusements of maturity.

MASTER KENNETH WORLEY AS MEPHISTOPHELES

MASTER SELWYN JANE AS A DUTCH BOY

Lafayette

MISS ROSE SIMMONS AS LADY MEPHISTOPHELES

Judging from the infinite variety and effectiveness of the costumes, proud mothers must have devoted much thought to the arraying of their offspring for the Lady Mayoress's Fancy Dress Ball at the Mansion House last Friday. There were over a thousand children present, who danced to the strains of music provided by the band of the Scots Guards

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Should Sportsmen be Raised to the Peerage?

Photograph G.P.U.

"LEST AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT"

Mrs. Max Green, who was Miss Johanna Redmond, and is still the daughter of Mr. Redmond, shaking hands with a friend as she left the Church of Our Lady of Victories, where she was married last week

The House of Lords

The peerage conferred on Sir George Kemp, a former 'Varsity and county cricketer, has produced the bright suggestion in a newspaper that titles should be conferred for proficiency in sport. At first sight it seems mild and innocent enough. But in this modest paragraph, with only two headlines, far-sighted persons may trace the beginnings of a Machiavellian scheme. There are two careers at present open to famous sportsmen—schoolmastering or writing signed articles for the newspapers; and most of them choose the latter, as being better paid. *Ergo,* the man who controls most of the newspapers (especially if he be a peer) will have this future "House of Lords" completely under his thumb!

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Popularising Marriage

Divorce Law Reformers and other far-seeing persons are, as everybody knows, much concerned with the future of marriage, for they say there is a real danger of the institution falling into universal disrepute. Since Lady Abdy's patronage of the estate into which it pleased Heaven and "a gentleman of independent means" to call her, I feel assured that all its former popularity is bound to return without delay.

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Mrs. Asquith's Views

It is no secret that Mrs. Asquith is an anti-Suffragist, which is not very surprising, perhaps, when you consider the glazier's bills the Downing Street household has had to pay. She is not likely to be at hand when the more constitutional arguments for the cause are being launched, being at present in Switzerland with her little boy, Anthony, of the bristling hair, and her daughter, Elizabeth. The latter is expected to make her début this season, but it will only be a matter of form, for she has gone about everywhere for a long while. Her elder sister, Miss Violet Asquith, went to Washington with Lady Aberdeen before Christmas to stay with Mr. Bryce—and perhaps (who knows?) to help choose the new American Ambassador to London?

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Mr. Bryce's Successor

As to the new British Ambassador at Washington, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, his is one of the most modest of personalities, and he knows it, too. Asked by a friend how he regarded his promotion, he said, "Oh! I think it will be all right. Mr. Bryce was such a very great man, and perhaps a complete change will be welcome to Washington for a little while, at any rate." Britain, too, may be glad of a little respite from the effects of the "greatness" of the retiring one, among them the Reciprocity Treaty and the Panama Canal Bill.

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A Correction

The absence of a portion of our staff on the Riviera during the passage for press of our last issue led to an unfortunate error. The photograph of the residence of Mr. Whitelaw Reid in Park Lane was erroneously titled as Dorchester House, when it should

Photograph BOMBAY'S NEW GOVERNOR AT A RECENT SHOOT *Topical*

Lord and Lady Willingdon, who are proceeding to India shortly, Lord Willingdon succeeding as Governor of Bombay Lord Sydenham (better known as Sir George Clarke), who retires in April. Her ladyship looks somewhat bored, but, then, shooting is a serious business

FRANCE TO THE FORE

THE PROBABLE ELECTION OF A REAL LIVE STATESMAN-PRESIDENT

Photograph *Chusscau-Flaviens*

M. POINCARÉ DISCUSSING THE BALKANS (OR THE WEATHER?) WITH THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR FRANCIS BERTIE

MADAME POINCARÉ

In deserting the Premiership for the Presidency, M. Poincaré may be about to perform an act of European significance. At the Elysée there will reign, for the first time this generation, a statesman of world-wide reputation, originality, and force of character, who will probably allow tradition to go by the board, and exert a strong influence on French policy. In his wife, M. Poincaré has a consort well fitted to fulfil the ambitious duties of Mme. la Présidente

Noble Sportsmen at Various Hunts

have been given as Dudley House. The late Ambassador left the house of the former name in August of last year

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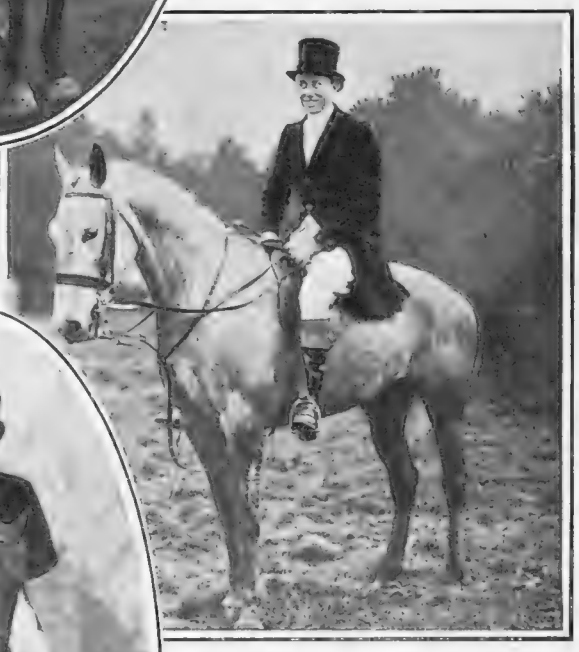
A Political Hostess?

There is not likely to be much political entertaining in London for a while yet. Of the leading Cabinet families, Mrs. Lloyd George and Mrs. McKenna do nothing in this way, while Sir Edward Grey, of course, is a widower. Mrs. Churchill, the handsomest and most "in the swim" of Ministers' wives, has not shown so far any disposition to take upon her shoulders this somewhat laborious and costly form of social function. Meanwhile, Lady Ashby St. Ledgers, one of the few actual political hostesses of to-day, is away in Egypt, while on the Unionist side the large number of people thrown into mourning by the death of the Duke of Abercorn includes both his sister, Lady Lansdowne—who had lately been entertaining again—and his niece, the Duchess of Devonshire.

LORD VIVIAN

Attends a Meet of the York and Ainsty at Rawcliffe Lodge



THE EARL OF ST. GERMANS

At a Meet of the York and Ainsty at Rawcliffe Lodge

Photos Sport & General and Barrett

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

At a recent Meet of the Bramham Moor Foxhounds

THE MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD

(The Duke of Portland's heir) at a Meet of the Rufford Hunt at Farnsfield

Our Riviera Number

In case any reader or readers should have missed it, may I remind them that last week's Bystander contained the fullest Riviera supplement ever done by an illustrated journal, and was actually edited on the spot? It contained a complete causerie on the coast and its interests, and was illustrated by some fine landscape photographs, smart snapshots, and humorous sketches by "Sem," E. T. Reed, Norman Morrow, etc., also a Riviera short story by Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

Riviera Gaieties

It is interesting how the vogue for lawn tennis continues to grow among the so-called "idle rich." In the Cannes tournament the other day Lord Rocksavage, heir of Lord Cholmondeley and brother-in-law to the former Mrs. Stirling, reached the semi-final of the Open Singles. Carnival time will begin very soon, by the way, on the sunny Riviera—next week at Nice and a week later at Cannes and Menton—while the pigeon-shooting at Monte starts this week.

If Bonar Law Must Go

LANCASHIRE MAY RUN LORD DERBY FOR THE UNIONIST LEADERSHIP

Photograph *Langfier*

Leading in Swynford, winner of the St. Leger, 1910

A PORTRAIT AND TWO SNAPSHOTS OF LORD DERBY

Lord Derby, whom rumour has designated as Lancashire's nominee should Mr. Law resign the Leadership, is one of those men who were fortunate in the country of their birth. For it is doubtful if in any other land he would have risen quite to the eminence which he enjoys to-day. We, in England, have a special predilection for gentlemen, the late Duke of Devonshire, for instance, who are thoroughly honest, thoroughly sincere, capable, hardworking, and not in the slightest degree original. And the strange thing about it is that they usually turn out conspicuous successes. For they seem to have a kind of instinct whose is the right advice to follow

A Retirement and a New Appointment

Socialists in Society

Sir Sydney Olivier, who is abandoning his Governorship of Jamaica this week to take up the Permanent Secretaryship of the Board of Agriculture at home, is one of the very few avowed Socialists in the service of the Crown. He was a colleague of G.B.S. and Mr. Sidney Webb in the 'eighties, and, in fact, collaborated in the famous "Fabian Essays." However, Socialism is neither as fashionable nor as popular as it was in the days when Lord Russell, Lord Ribblesdale's heir, made such a sensation by joining the I.L.P., only to leave it a year or so later. In the meantime, social reformers have been coming round more and more to the Tory democratic idea always favoured by THE BYSTANDER.

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A Roman Holiday

Italy, with its clear air and cheerful skies, is a favourite goal of the January unrest—Lord and Lady Cadogan are among many going out there this month—and there are numbers of English people now in Rome, where the chief season lasts from January, when the Romans return from their country seats, till Lent. So the Borghese Gardens and, later in the day, the long Corso Umberto, with its famous Café Aragno, are even fuller than usual of cars and carriages, manned, if one may put it that way, by smart and pretty women—though there is never much difficulty in distinguishing the nationalities. Quite apart from any difference of type, the Roman lady is *never* less than a year ahead of the fashions of London or Paris.

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Black and White

Rome is certainly very much up-to-date in some ways. Take the music-halls, for instance. Before you book your seats you look carefully at the advertisements and see whether it is going to be a "white" or a "black" night. This has no reference, as you might think, to the well-known division of Roman Society into "white" Monarchists and "black" Clericals. When it is a "white" night you can bring your sisters and your daughters and your aunts; when (more often) it is a "black" night—well, there you are, you've been warned, anyway.

Photograph *Lafayette*

A WEARY WHIP

Mr. W. Ashley, M.P., one of the Unionist Whips, who finds the perpetual divisions so wearying that he is resigning his post. Mr. Ashley is a cousin of Lord Shaftesbury and a son-in-law of Sir Ernest Cassel

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

SIR SYDNEY OLIVIER, C.M.G.

The Socialist Governor of Jamaica, who is becoming Permanent Secretary to the Board of Agriculture

A Hint for London

London managers might do worse than adopt the "Roman night" principle; if it did nothing else it might save our blameless critics from a "Venetian night"—and *vice versâ*. It might also be not a bad idea if illustrated newspapers were occasionally to vary their issues in the same way. For some of them it would be a relief to bring out occasionally a "black" number—or a "white" one, as the case may be.

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Will It Succeed?

Owing to the hunt and county balls there is very little dancing going on in London just now. However, there is the Three Arts Costume Dance on Wednesday, and there is to be a masked ball organised by Mrs. Hwfa Williams at the Savoy on January 20. I hear they are trying to introduce an element of foreign fashion into the latter—that is to say, that when a gentleman asks an unknown lady to dance with him, he has to say to her, "Good evening, Mask," and if the lady wishes to dance with him, she merely replies, "Good evening, Mask," too, and so they go off and dance together. If, however, the lady makes no reply to the gentleman's remark he must leave her alone and seek out some other partner. I wonder whether English people in general, and dancing men in particular, will appreciate such adventurous proceedings or not? Remembrances of the Venetian Fête at Earl's Court last summer incline me to scepticism.

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A Pretty Débutante

One might almost call Lady Desborough's most successful dance last week a London one, however, for Taplow Court is within very easy reach, and a number of people motored down from Town. It was a young people's dance, given chiefly for Lady Iris Capell, elder daughter of Lady Essex, who is making her début this season, and will be presented at one of the first Courts. She is tall, and has inherited the looks of her mother, perhaps the most beautiful of our American peeresses, who is the daughter of the late Mr. Beach Grant, of New York, and became Lord Essex's second wife not quite twenty years ago.

Wanted: A Speedy Recovery

AND THE CONFIRMATION OF AN INTERESTING RUMOUR

Photograph LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER [*Lallie Charles*

Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, an unconfirmed rumour of whose engagement to a prominent member of the nobility has recently been circulated. Lady Rosemary is the latest victim of a fashionable malady, from which we wish her a speedy and complete recovery

Social and Entertainment Items

Concerning the One-Step

Talking of dancing, the Turkey-Trot and its attendant satellites have, fortunately, not obtained any great hold in the drawing-room, though they are not as uncommon as they ought to be at public dances. As a matter of fact, the ubiquitous one-step, which, I suppose, can claim to be the common father of all of them, does not look so bad when people dance it in ordinary clothes. It is only the low-necked dress and stiff shirt that make people look ridiculous while indulging in movements which originated with cowboys. However, the craze for rag-time seems likely to be short-lived, and when it does begin to go, it will go with a run.

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Is Auction Immoral?

A roller-skating carnival was held last week at the Holland Park Rink, but roller-skating is becoming just a little *vieux jeu* now, even with the "best people," who have kept it up a long while after the general craze of a year or two ago died a natural death. When the choice is between that and cards, people generally prefer auction, which seems to be rapidly pushing bridge right out. But before that happens, I expect, both of them will be banned by our virtuous authorities. For no one can deny that they contain a strong element of gambling, while the "mug," for whose sake our *censores morum* are ever raiding and ranting, must inevitably lose. Whereas at baccarat he may win, and often does.

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A Feminine Complaint

A lady writes: "I noticed with regret that of the large restaurants which organised special gatherings on New Year's Eve only one gave those delightful New Year gifts which are always so valued by the ladies of the party. Why did the other restaurants neglect us in this way, I wonder? Surely it seems a great pity if these little attentions are to be permanently discontinued, and we can only say that we trust that in the next 'New Year' we shall see a revival of this time-honoured custom."

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Progress

London, like Paris, is becoming rapidly Americanised. The other day an evening paper was advertising on a poster the following sensational announcement: "Sports in London: Woman Stabbed in the Street." Now, the pantomime season has brought us more rag-time songs than we can bear. "*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*" We used to see Cinderella in rags, now we see her in rag-time!

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Appearances

They are often deceitful. At a recent performance of the Actresses' Franchise League the show ended with a pageant of women carrying boards on which were written all the wonderful things they would do when they had the vote. The procession was rather long, and the last lady to rush on the stage—a stout woman, quite out of breath, with beads of perspiration on her forehead—was carrying a board, on which were written these words, "Stop Sweating."

Photograph *Thomson*

MRS. HWFA WILLIAMS

Who is to give a Masked Ball at the Savoy on January 20, a feature of which will be the award of a prize for the most beautiful woman who unmasks after supper!

On Rink and Run

DIVERS PERSONS DIVERSELY DEPORTING THEMSELVES

ON A SEA OF ICE

Vice-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., who was among the new year Baronets, skating with Miss J. A. Crawford at Mürren

AN ARISTOCRATIC POSE

Grand Duke Andrew of Russia on the Kuhn rink at St. Moritz

DOING THE "TEAPOT"

Lord Carbery (centre), Baron de Meyer, and Miss Metcalfe striking amusing, if somewhat ungraceful, attitudes on the rink at St. Moritz

PREPARING FOR A FLIGHT ON TERRA-FIRMA

Mr. Grahame White, the well-known airman, steering a toboggan on the "Bob run" at St. Moritz

There has been a bigger rush than ever to the Winter Sports resorts this year, in spite of the fact that about Christmas-time the thermometer went up alarmingly, much to the disappointment of winter sportsmen. St. Moritz and Mürren, however, are both tolerably safe, except from an abnormal thaw, St. Moritz lying very high up, and Mürren having this year access by mechanical means to the higher snow-slopes. Some of the lower lying resorts have suffered seriously from a shortage of snow, and in cases have actually been compelled to import cartloads of it

London Nights Entertainments

"HULLO, RAG-TIME!" AT THE HIPPODROME: Reviewed by "JINGLE"

THE point about this *revue* that impressed me most is the marked ability of the Press representative of the London Hippodrome. Before seeing the *revue* I had read in various papers fascinating interviews with the authors, besides sundry articles on the theory that the growing popularity of the *revue* as an entertainment would in future call for more individuality among our comedians. As Mr. Crummles would have said: "How do these things get into the papers?" As for the entertainment itself, I should hardly go so far as to call it a *revue*, as the term is understood on the Continent. It strikes me as being an astute blend of musical comedy and pantomime; and the appeal for more individuality among our comedians is easier to understand after you have realised how much the comedians in the present production have done for the piece. I give thanks, for instance, for Mr. Willie Solar, whose exhibition of singing and dancing is, I think, the drollest I have ever seen. If I were a dramatic author I would certainly join in the appeal for more individuality among our comedians if the result were to be many stars like Mr. Solar, and I could shine in their reflected glory. (I take it that the gentle reader will here make for himself the unavoidable pun on Mr. Solar's name. It is not for me to deprive anyone of these simple and harmless pastimes.)

"Hullo, Rag-Time!" is an ideal entertainment for the Hippodrome public. The musical-comedy part includes a sentimental songster, Mr. Jamieson Dodds, who appears as a typical musical-comedy hero, in appropriately foreign uniform, and who sings charmingly. But, unless I am misinformed, sentiment has no place in a *revue*. On the other hand, it has to be recorded that Mr. Dodds's singing is one of the most appreciated items on the programme, so that it is clear that the Hippodrome management know better than I the kind of entertainment their patrons require. And on the night of my visit the house was crowded to overflowing. Another comedian who has cultivated the individuality so dear to the authors of *revues* is Mr. Cyril Clensy, who performed the really remarkable feat of imitating Mr. Wilkie Bard giving an imitation of Mr. George Graves. This choice piece of nonsense is quite delightful. Mr. Clensy has "hit off" the mannerisms of both the comedians to the life, and what one may perhaps term his compound imitation is one of the gems of the entertainment.

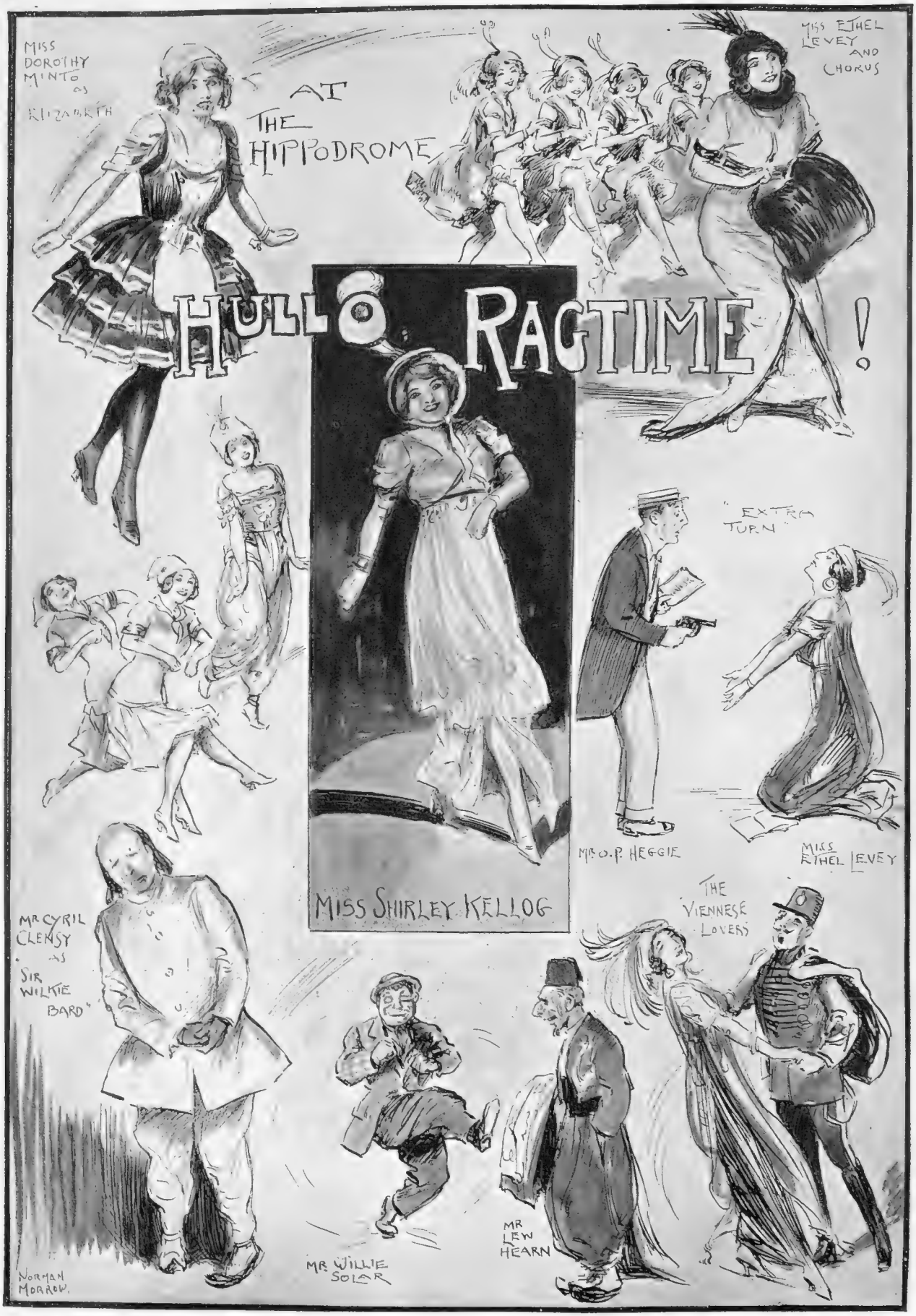
When the authors assert themselves and endeavour to dispense with the aid of comedians with individuality they are apt to be a little heavy-handed. One of the scenes of the *revue*, which is entitled "The Dramatists Get What They Want," bears indications of having been produced just as it was written, but I should not like to say that its meaning is quite clear to me. It is, apparently, a burlesque on the plays we have had recently dealing with the maternity problem, and Miss Ethel Levey, who possesses an enviable individuality, goes a long way to make the idea convincing. But I found the blunt outspokenness of the dialogue a little jarring—and heaven is my witness that I have never posed as a very proper person. One can only assume that the authors are endeavouring to burlesque a section of the drama that they have not quite thoroughly understood. Besides which, I should hazard the opinion that such a desperate form of humour is a little out of place in so justly popular a place of entertainment as the London Hippodrome. The climax of the scene is the refusal of the Censor to license a play on the ground that he is an architect as well as a Censor, and cannot approve of an impossible door in the scenery. I daresay this is a good joke; but I regret that it is too subtle for me.

The political references are few and far between; and, perhaps, wisely so, since nowadays politics do not appear to be so interesting to the man in the street as politicians imagine. Besides, the respectable middle-class habit of reading newspapers that reflect only one shade of opinion is not conducive to a very comprehensive knowledge of what is actually going on, it being alleged that some of the daily papers have a way of considerately minimising the importance of news which they do not think it would be good for their readers to think about. The entertainment at the Hippodrome has been mounted on a most liberal scale, and it makes a bid for popular support which deserves to be successful. If the wit is not brilliant, the fun at least is homely and good, and the performance, as a whole, goes with just the swing that is so essential in productions of the kind.

Among the performers who have a distinct and highly valued individuality are the volatile Miss Shirley Kellogg and the delightful Miss Dorothy Minto, who by their combined energy do very much to give the *revue* the undoubted success it has achieved.

JINGLE

The New Hippodrome Revue



The new "Revue" at the Hippodrome leans a little to the side of musical comedy, but it is none the less a joyous, middle-class entertainment that should be very readily supported by the large section of the public to which it appeals

BY NORMAN MORROW

MATTERS MUSICAL

MAINLY ABOUT CONDUCTORS

What is a Conductor?

BY a strange coincidence the only three subjects of musical interest discoverable in a very torpid musical world revolve, in widely different orbits, round three gentlemen who are primarily famous as conductors. Mr. Landon Ronald, moreover, the first of the trio, is, in this case, only concerned with conducting. He has, poor fellow, been endeavouring to convince the larger and more stupid section of our musical public that a conductor is a conductor and not merely a composer or a funny fellow who waggles a stick for the amusement of the audience. The musical Bystander is peculiarly sympathetic because this particular theme happens to be included in his annual repertory. Yet charm he or Mr. Landon Ronald never so wisely, there is no doubt that most people will go on imagining that every good—or, indeed, bad—composer must *ipso facto* be a good conductor, and that conducting is an easy job, anyway.

Ignorance and Unemployment

Of course, musical readers will be surprised that such a platitude need be stated at all, but the depths of ignorance to which some people can descend are so incredible that the word "platitude" has practically no meaning as regards musical affairs. In this particular case, moreover, such ignorance is really a matter of concern, because the result of it is that no young Englishman with a peculiar talent for conducting can make even a tolerable living. Consequently, there are not more than three young English conductors that I know of. And, of course, they are all unemployed.

The Fortunate Composer

I have sometimes wondered if Sir Henry Wood could not do something for our young men in this direction. Rightly enough, he stands in the public mind for English executive ability, and if only certain newspapers would press this grievance of English musicians upon his notice instead of prating about his more or less imaginary neglect of the English composer, they would be doing us a real service. After all, I doubt if, opera apart, the young composer of any nation has ever had better opportunities for recognition than in England to-day. For instance, there was no Patron's Fund or Mr. Balfour Gardiner to stand by Debussy, who never even heard an orchestral work of his performed till he was forty!

The Unfortunate Conductor

Contrast with this the lot of the young conductor. As the State contributes not one penny towards the public performance of music, the main, indeed practically the sole, avenue to recognition is closed to him. So much so that, in the past, at any rate, he has thrown up the sponge altogether and 'verted to the music-halls. Has the musical public, I wonder, ever realised how great are the talents of men like Mr. Byng at the Alhambra or Mr. Finck at the Palace? Born *Kapellmeister*, both of them, they would, undoubtedly, under happier conditions, have made their mark in music.

Photograph Bassano

THE NIKISCH OF THE MUSIC-HALLS

Mr. Hermann Finck, who, despite "In the Shadows," has won the regard of many musicians by the excellence of his orchestra and the charm of much of his incidental music

In Praise of Finck

Even as it is, Mr. Finck, at any rate, does quite remarkable things. Not only has he made his band the best music-hall orchestra in Europe, but in the odd scraps of incidental music, which are expected of every theatre-conductor, has succeeded in making quite a style of his own. I am not referring to *pot-pourris* like "Vive la Danse," skilful and amusing as they are, but rather to the little *pièces d'occasion* with which he accompanies the cinematograph or fills up an interval between two turns. Apart from a tendency to loudness they are very well scored and they are always beautifully put together. Indeed, from the technical point of view, they could hardly be bettered. And, without any disrespect to a music-hall where I have spent many agreeable hours, I suggest that our really talented *Kapellmeister*, young or old, should have the opportunity of a more serious and a more æsthetic career.

FRANCIS TOYE

Photograph S. J. Lock

FRAULEIN MARGARETE SIEMS

Who will appear at Covent Garden on the 29th instant in the first performance in this country of Mr. Strauss's opera, "Rosenkavalier," under the direction of Mr. Thomas Beecham. Fraulein Siems will play her original rôle, that of Feldmarschallin

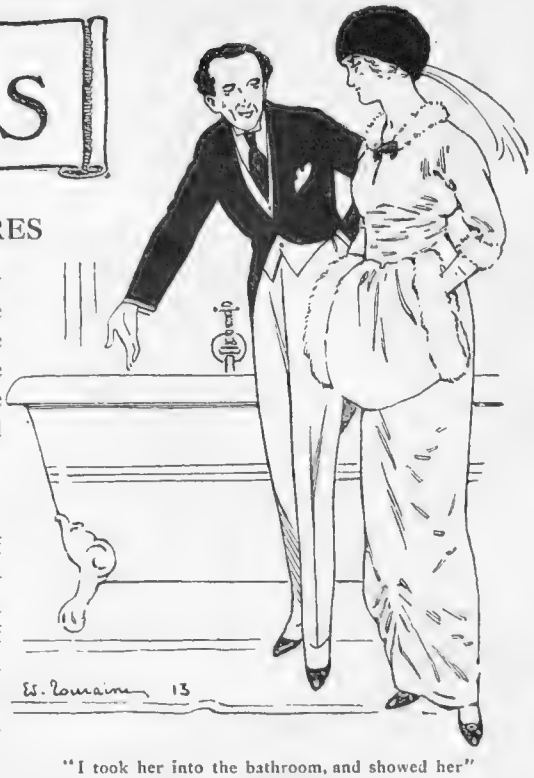
Musical Terms: No. I of a New Series

ALLEGRO: LIVELY AND QUICK, WITH JOYOUS, CHEERFUL EXPRESSION

BY CHAS. HOWARD

The Bystander in PARIS

INTERVIEWING PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES



"I took her into the bathroom, and showed her"

Hatching Ideas

She was quite a dear. She said she wanted "to see where I evolved all those things that I put into the paper." And when I took her into the bathroom and showed her, she laughed before she had quite made up her mind whether she ought to be shocked or not. It was true, mind you. You can't tell me of any better place for hatching ideas than a bath with nice shiny taps to it. My taps give me all sorts of notions, and if I could only write down half the ideas I get under water I should be less anxious than I am about the quarter's rent. This morning I was hatching this article.

Intimate Details

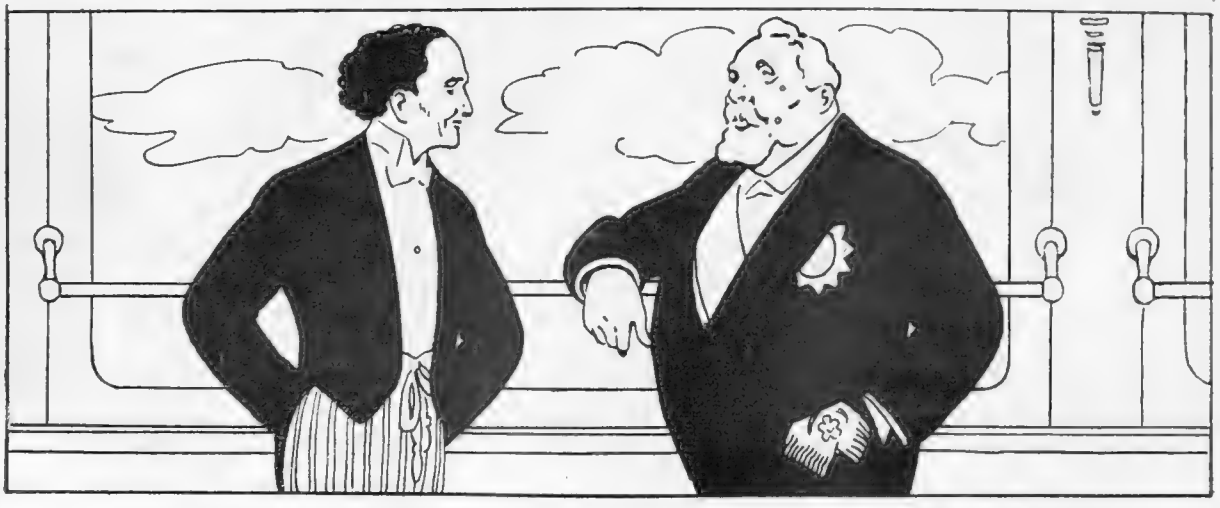
It seemed to me that one of the first articles from Paris in the New Year ought to be an interview with President Fallières on the doings of 1912 from the point of view of the premier bystander in France. I haven't got a telephone in the bath (you'll pardon these intimate details, won't you?), and Armand Fallières, bless him, is a fatherly old gentleman who would hate me to catch cold at the other end of the flat while the telephone girls were arranging an interview. By the time I was dried and more or less covered I was thinking about something else, and now that I'm next to the telephone it occurs to me that at this time of the year we ought to be looking forward instead of back into 1912.

Monsieur le Président

I have, as a matter of fact, interviewed President Fallières on several occasions, though, of course, you cannot bounce into his office and insist on his opinions on prize-fighting or the chewing-gum trust as you could if he and you were President and journalist in "God's own country." As a matter of fact, it is usually about as difficult to interview the President of the French Republic as it is to interview the German Emperor. And yet I have had the honour on several occasions. The most amusing one was in his special train on the way back to Paris from Marseilles some years ago. We had been spending a strenuous week, Armand and I and all of us. It was a political trip, with the train stopping every few hours for the President to shake hands with people on the platform and say things about *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité,* and "*Vive la Republique*" to them. At Marseilles, President Fallières had opened the Colonial Exhibition and had received King Sisowath, a gentleman with complexion and legs like a half-roasted coffee-bean, who wore a diamond door-knob screwed into the crown of a very ancient billycock, and whose costume ended at the waist in a large silk handkerchief called a "*sampot.*" The top of him was dressed, barring the billycock, like a comic-opera general, and he is King over a country which is a great deal bigger than Ireland.

How We Met

I must explain that our principal hardship on this Presidential



"I had on the jacket, and was otherwise incompletely costumed. . . . . I said, 'Pardon, Monsieur le Président'"

Parisian Improvements Actual and Needed

THE NEW STONE SEATS IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES
An improvement which Paris welcomes and London might well emulate

Photographs *Underwood*

WORSE REGULATED THAN LONDON'S: PARIS TRAFFIC

Those who complain of the congestion of London streets should try those of Paris for awhile. There the traffic is quite as great as it is with us, but very much less well regulated by the police. It is, as a matter of fact, the law that the offence, in the case of a street accident, is not to run over anybody, but to be run over. Veritably you cross the streets with your life in your hands. Our photograph shows the invariable congestion of traffic on the Grands Boulevards

journey was evening dress. It became a uniform. The poor President, of course, was never seen without it, and as they got him out of his carriage on to a railway platform at six in the morning sometimes, I shouldn't wonder if he slept in it. Whenever we journalists, though, saw an opportunity for a couple of hours' unofficial travelling we took off collars, boiled shirts, and black clothes, and got into the roughest things we had with us. I happened to own a very startling dressing-suit. Another man in the train some carriages down had mentioned cigars and had failed to appear with them. I had on the jacket, and was otherwise incompletely costumed, when I remembered those cigars and danced down towards my friend's compartment. The door of the Presidential car opened, and the President (in full evening dress, of course) walked into the corridor. I said, "*Pardon, Monsieur le Président.*" What would you have said? The dear old gentleman took no notice of my costume, chatted affably for a minute, complimented me on my French, and passed on, as the train slowed down, to make a "*Vive la Republique*" speech on the platform. It was only when we were *en route* again and my colleagues of the French Press fell on me with glee and howled with laughter, that I realised that the President of the Republic, who may have been rather sleepy, had not recognised me for the humble journalist I am, but thought that I was an interpreter from the Court of Cambodia, who was in the train, and was going to Paris to make arrangements for his master's coming visit.

The Prophecy of 1913

I wonder whether you know the story of the prophecy of the four fatal figures four times repeated which is being talked about all over Paris just now. The prophecy was made in 1829 by Mademoiselle Lenormand, a French "wise woman," of the present Kaiser's never-to-be-forgotten grandfather. William the First of Prussia asked Mademoiselle Lenormand in 1829 when he would take his first command on the battlefield. "Put down the figures of this year," she said, "and add them to the date like this. 1829 + 1 + 8 + 2 + 9 = 1849." You may remember that in 1849 William the First of Prussia marched against the Duchy of Baden. "What will be the most important event in my career after this one?" asked William. "Put down 1849 and add the four figures composing it to it in the same way," said the prophetess. The result was 1871, when the King of Prussia became Emperor of Germany. "And the date of my death?" he asked. "Take 1871 and use the same key to your destiny in the same manner," said Mlle. Lenormand. He added 1, 8, 7, and 1 to 1871 and the total 1888 was the year of his death. "And when," he said, "will Germany have to fight with all her strength to defend what we hope to conquer for her?" Mlle. Lenormand pointed to the pencil and the figure 1888. "Three eights are 24," she said, "and 1 makes 25. Add 25 to 1888." The result is 1913. Are *you* superstitious?

Some Peculiarities of Red Tape

If you have ever tried to unravel a tangled lump of string you know how cantankerous a piece of string can be. Red tape, in the figurative sense, is often just as puzzling. For instance, to become a clerk in a provincial Sous-Préfeture and have the right to lick the gum on the official envelopes and empty the official paper-baskets, a candidate must pass a fairly stiff examination. But he can easily become a *sous-préfet* if his father is a Senator or a member of the Chamber of Deputies. A clerk in the Colonial Office has to go through a long course of colonial study and to have spent a long time in the colonies. But the easiest way to become Governor of Indo-China, for instance, is to belong to an influential family and get into a sufficiently extensive scrape in Paris for the family to find your absence at a distance of utility to the Republic. Queer little world, isn't it? JOHN N. RAPHAEL

FUTURISM ATTACKS GOLF!

First Futurist: "How do we stand?"
Second ditto: "All square"

(By X. MARCEL BOULESTIN)

PERSONAL PICTORIALITIES

MEN AND WOMEN IN VARIOUS MOVEMENTS ABROAD

POLITICAL WOMANHOOD

Mme. Vikova Kuneticka, the first woman Deputy of Central Europe, whose right to sit in the Czech Parliament is now under the consideration of the National Assembly

Photograph *International News*

PRESIDENTIAL AND ACADEMIC

President-Elect Wilson, with his daughter, Miss Jessie Wilson, who made her début the other night as a lecturer on "The Joy of Service"

DIPLOMATIC

Herr von Jagow, new German Foreign Secretary in place of the late Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter

Photograph *Sport and General*

FINANCIAL AND MATRIMONIAL

Miss Helen M. Gould with Mr. Finley J. Shepherd, whom she marries this week. Miss Gould is America's richest spinster, inheriting her fortune from her father, the late Mr. Jay Gould

Photograph *Topical*

BELLICOSE OR PACIFIC?

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and General Kovatscheff in earnest conversation before the gates of Kavalla

Photograph *Central News*

RECREATION

The Marchese di Rudini skating at St. Moritz. The Marchese is the only daughter and heiress of the late Mr. Henry Labouchere, and is a well-known hostess in Rome

The Bystander on the Riviera

"SEM" AT WORK

(Snapshotted in the Place du Casino, Monte Carlo). His Riviera sketches are now appearing in "The Bystander"

The Absent Visitor

So far there is really nothing wanting on the Riviera except visitors. The sun is there, and so are the blue skies, and the programme of attractions would fill another special number of The Bystander. But the visitors are lacking, especially those who usually descend in great numbers from the Vaterland. Now, one can understand the absence of Austrians, Bulgarians, and all the others who have helped to keep our nerves stretched these last few weary weeks, but there really seems to be nothing to account for the missing Deutscher. A few years ago this German abstention from Rivieran delights would have been hailed with joy; to-day it is viewed with dismay. For with the invasion of the German came, of necessity, a supply of hotels, restaurants, cafés, etc., to meet their by no means trifling demands. And it is the proprietors of those establishments who are the loudest among the grumblers this season.

The Anglo-Saxon Season

Those who rely on Anglo-Saxon patronage, on the other hand, have cause to make merry and be glad, for this is an Anglo-Saxon season. Every other visitor you meet hails from either London or Manchester, or New York or Boston. The significant "Eng." or "U.S.A." follows nearly every name in the hotel lists. Indeed, if things go on like this, the croupiers will soon be calling out the numbers in English, like they do, or used to, at Boulogne.

Rivalling Switzerland

If this winter sport idea (illustrated in last week's Riviera Bystander) catches on, the Riviera will, of course, become more English than ever, and Switzerland will really have to look to her laurels. For some enterprising residents in Nice declare that they have discovered within four hours by motor-car of the town an ideal spot for skiing, tobogganing, etc. Experts have been up to sample the snow, and have pronounced it excellent, and the Country Club has already run up a "rest house," and will soon begin organising winter-sport excursions. But the attack on the "Swiss fortress" is not to end there, for a company is being formed to build a big "palace" hotel and a funicular railway, which, it is hoped, will be ready by 1915. So that in a couple of years, if bored by the Riviera, we shall be able to run up to an excellent imitation of Switzerland, and if tired of winter sports we shall be able to run down and sun ourselves on the terrace at Monte. And what a magnet the Riviera will be then!

LORD VILLIERS

Is one of the few people who have made money at Monte Carlo by a system. Some years ago he won over £30,000 at a sitting

(From a sketch designed by "Sem," on the Riviera, for his forthcoming album, "Sem à la Mer Bleue")

This Season's Excitements

Hydro-aeroplaning is to be a big feature of this year's season in the Sunny South. Apart from hydro-aeroplane races between Monte and San Remo in the spring, there are to be aerial services flying along the coast between Nice and Cannes and Nice and Monte. "Am flying over to lunch with you at Ciro's" will soon be quite an ordinary wire to send a friend. There is to be hydro-aeroplaning, too, at Menton, which grows more enterprising every year, thanks very largely to some of its English residents. We are also promised an aerial "raid" between Paris and Monte instead of the rather stupid automobile "raid," in which really no one took much interest except the competitors.

Work for the Photographer

The new Imperial Hotel at Menton has opened, and a very gorgeous thing it is with hall-porters dressed in the uniform of Napoleon's old guard and a Swiss barmaid to make cocktails. An American millionaire was among the first visitors, and, taking a fancy to the hotel, he promptly booked the whole of the ground floor. Another "booked" is the Crown Princess Stephanie, who will shortly bring her husband, Count Lonyay, to the Azure Coast, so that the snapshotters, who have been unpleasantly idle of late, will at last have something to do. Apropos of these gentlemen of the camera, one of them was bold, or rather rash enough the other day to "snap" a very high official of the Monte Casino. Now, the snapshotter is given a wonderfully free hand at Monte. He can take crowned heads in all sorts of un-kingly attitudes; he

TOD SLOAN, THE FAMOUS JOCKEY

can turn renowned beauties into *femmes très laides*. He has even been allowed to photograph Mr. Pierpont Morgan. But he must not immortalise Casino officials of importance. But the snapshotter in question, hungry for "copy," and possibly other things, did snap an official, and actually sold the picture to a local paper. And then the trouble began. The editor was summoned to the Casino, and every endeavour was made to induce him to divulge the name of his photographer. But the editor sheltered himself and the camera man behind professional secrecy, and the "artist" is still at large. The Casino, however, has a long arm and a lynx-like eye, and that photographer will have to be very careful in the future. It is no great distance from the Place du Casino to the frontier, he must remember.

The "Wrong 'Un"

Nice now boasts a club "run on English lines," for the old Mediterranée has been turned from a *tripot* into a *cercle* of immense respectability. Let us hope it may remain in this happy condition. It is not easy to run clubs on the Riviera. The "wrong 'un" has a little way of creeping in, however hard you may try to keep him out. It is all very well when you are dealing with Englishmen, for most Britons are more or less "marked," but when it comes to Americans it is quite another story. We all know who Lord Tomnoddy is, but who, in the name of wonder, is going to vouch for Mr. Cyrus S. Tilkins? The committee of the Mediterranée will have their work cut out.

R. W. M.

COLONEL COLOMB

The pigeon charmer, on the terrace of the Casino, Monte Carlo

(From sketches designed by "Sem," on the Riviera, for his forthcoming album, "Sem à la Mer Bleue")

SEM-EBRITIES: OTHERWISE MEN AND WOMEN

SKETCHED BY "SEM" AT, AND REPRODUC

To be caricatured by "Sem" is to prove that one is a person of fame, or at least of notoriety. "Sem," who is supposed to be a Parisian of Parisians, was really born in Perigueux. He began his career as a caricaturist with an album of well-known people in Bordeaux, after which he came to Paris, where he made an instantaneous success about

[*From left to right:* Pharise (Ciro's Turkish Coffee man), Comte Urribarrene, M. Fischof (the well-known owner of horses), Mme. —— Maharajah and Maharanee of

EN WHO HAVE BEEN MADE CELEBRITIES BY THE CARICATURIST "SEM"

UCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF, CIRO'S, PARIS

twelve years ago. Now he spends his time in Paris, London, Monte Carlo, and Trouville, sketching celebrities of the *monde*, the *demi-monde*, and the stage. "Sem" is an Anglomaniac, is tailored in Savile Row, and buys his hats and boots in St. James's Street. His real name is Goursat, and he made his début as a writer lately

—, Mlle. Spinelly, M. Duval (the Joe Lyons of Paris), Maurice Bertrand (of Champagne fame), M. Henri Letellier (of *Le Journal*), the of Kapurthala, Mr. Solly Joel]

The Bystander IN BERLIN

THE TRAGEDY OF A JEALOUS HUSBAND

Men Are Never Content

Men are never content. Anyone, except Herr Rentier Mieljack (that's not his name) would have found joy in a black-eyed, lively wife and an income, marks 23,000. But Herr Mieljack, like Polycrates, feared his own happiness, and sought misfortune. He sought it strenuously till he ended with a divorce petition, and a claim against Herr Engineer Strohhalm for alienating his wife's affections.

A Plain Case

The case was plain. What defence is there when the plaintiff's lawyer reads aloud: "I, Emilie Mieljack, admit having repeatedly (I omit the phrase) with Herr Engineer Strohhalm." Yet the confident petitioner lost. Frau Mieljack easily proved that her confession was untrue; Herr Strohhalm cleared his character by swearing he had three mistresses in Thorn. He had seen the respondent only once, in the presence of a parson and two spinsters; and even in Germany it is unusual (I omit the phrase) in the presence of a parson and two spinsters.

A Touching Tale

Frau Mieljack's tale was touching. She had written the confession merely to cause her husband joy. The fact was that, being a Rentier with M. 23,000 a year, Herr Mieljack's only occupation was green-eyed monstering; and hardly had they left the Apostel Paulus Church when the jealous bridegroom made charges against his stainless wife. Later, in the honeymoon hotel at Semmering, he accused her of winking at a General. When Frau Mieljack laughed, Herr Mieljack turned green, and fainted. When he came to, he groaned: "Confess, and all will be forgiven."

"Confess!"

This went on. Before they left for Berlin Herr Mieljack wept because a Privy Councillor picked up Emilie's glove. "You knew him before marriage," he screamed. "Confess!" "Why didn't you tip the liftman?" she asked. "You are suspiciously interested in the liftman," he answered. "Why did the lift stop between two floors when you were coming down to lunch. Confess!"

Once a Week

Once a week for a year Herr Mieljack turned green, and screamed "Confess!" As jealousy is proof of love, Frau Emilie bore it. But one day, merely because she bowed to her father's accountant, Herr Mieljack made a hypersuperscene. "You torture me!" he wept. "You burn me alive! Any knowledge would be better than this suspense. I'll pardon you! But confess!" He produced a razor, swept it before his throat, and screamed: "Confess! or I shall throw myself into the courtyard!" So panic-stricken Emilie confessed, and wrote her confession down.

The Usual Round

Herr Mieljack was a new man. He smiled, he kissed, he forgave his wife. Bliss reigned. A week later came a new fit. Having found a way to soothe her jealous husband, Frau Mieljack again confessed. She was forgiven. Bliss again reigned. For years this continued. First jealousy, next threat of suicide, next confession, next forgiveness, next joy. And then anew jealousy, threat, confession, forgiveness, joy.

SEEKING GERMANY'S NEUTRALITY?

General Sukhomlinoff, the Russian Minister for War, who recently paid a secret visit to the Kaiser at Berlin, with the object, it is generally supposed, of securing Germany's neutrality in the event of a Russian war with Austria. It is not known what the result of the interview was

A Tragic Turn

By August, 1912, Frau Mieljack had confessed to having (Space is short.—Ed.) with everyone in Germany except the Kaiser and the Berlin Bystander. The married pair's happiness knew no end. But then came a tragic turn. One day, after Frau Mieljack had written an abject confession of her sins with Herr Engineer Strohhalm, she looked up at her green-faced husband expecting to see the accustomed kindly smile, and hear the unvarying, compassionate: "I forgive you." But, instead, Herr Mieljack's face darkened to olive; and he said fiercely: "I have forgiven you a thousand times. You are incorrigible. I'll divorce you!"

The Last Straw

In Court Frau Emilie swore that she loved her husband dearly; and would sooner drink poison than do him wrong. Everything ought to have ended well. But as the wife's tale spun out, the husband's face grew darker and darker; and when he realised that his trusted wife had been basely deceiving him about her deceit, he exclaimed in a loud voice, and fell down dead. Verily, men are never content.

The Fascination of an Imminent Spill

"EQUILIBRISTICS" AT ST. MORITZ

A TOBOGGANER TAKING A CORNER ON THE VILLAGE RUN

The corners are banked in the same way as cycle and motor tracks, and considerable skill is needed to negotiate them at speed

A SKI-JUMPER IN MID-AIR

He has "taken off" at full speed from the ledge in the foreground and will land on the plateau below

Not Quite a Case of Coals to Newcastle, But Something Very Like It

Photograph *Sport and General*

MAKING A "RUN" WITH SNOW BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS

At some of the Swiss winter sports resorts where little or no snow has fallen, the deficiency is made up by bringing down huge quantities of snow in trainloads from the mountains. Our illustration shows a "run" at Caux in course of construction upon a road with imported snow

"His eyes were turned neither upon her nor upon his stiffly bandaged right hand"

The HEROINE

By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

(Author of "The Artistic Temperament," "The Lord of Latimer Street," etc.)

"IT was like this," she said, "if you can follow it. You don't know Lewisham, of course. A broad road, with trees—a boulevard. There was a lamp-post there—where the table-leg is—and a big tree just beside it. There were three policemen quite close—two of them talking together and the third standing by himself. There. I was in the shadow of the tree."

"Splendid," said Captain Malineff, smiling amiably. His face still wore its air of sympathetic interest, yet his eyes were turned neither upon her nor upon his stiffly bandaged right hand, to which she was applying its outermost covering; instead they wandered hither and thither across the wide expanse of rolling hills that lay before the hospital tent. It almost seemed as though he were watching and waiting for something, though everywhere was the peace and stillness of solitude. Only a small group of dismounted horsemen were visible in the shadow of a deserted shed, perhaps half a mile to the right of the field hospital, and all the air was full of a distant vibration, so faint that, had the day been warmer, it might have passed for the humming of a cloud of insects. Equally distant, though from its very nature more noticeable, was an intermittance of more finite sound, as though some giant postman were giving sharp double knocks at some gigantic front-door hundreds of miles away.

"They made me feel rather creepy," said the Nurse frankly. "They were so big. But, of course, I had made up my mind to do it."

She was a little surprised herself to find how readily she was chatting with him, as though they were already old friends, though it was not half an hour since their first meeting. He was a very slim and elegant young officer, more French than Bulgarian in suggestion, and there was a suggestion of womanly intuition about his soft, dark eyes, which had from the first interested her. He was almost brave enough for a woman, too, she reflected approvingly. There may be nothing very deadly in losing the two upper joints of a finger, but the average large, coarse brute of a man would make as much fuss over it as though it were the whole arm. Captain Malineff seemed scarcely to notice it. He had, indeed, never mentioned it from the time he galloped up, bringing some instructions from the Divisional Commander to the doctor in charge, and when reference was made to the bloody rag wrapped round his right hand he only laughingly allowed it to be examined and properly bandaged on the distinct understanding that Nurse Hatherly had nothing better to do at the moment. That was true enough—the contingent was waiting—only waiting. In another day, perhaps in another hour, there would be work and to spare.

Another point of interest about Captain Malineff was that he spoke perfect English and with the desirable Public School inflection. It was natural enough in a man of twenty-five who had been educated in England, but it was none the less praiseworthy, she felt, in a Bulgarian. It might even be considered a compliment to her nationality.

For the moment he was intently watching a man on a grey horse who had separated himself from the group by the ruined shed and was cantering up the hillside towards them. The distant postman's knocks, which had ceased for a time, began again, more insistently, as if the postman were coming nearer.

"Of course I had made my mind up," she said again, with the irritation of a pretty woman who is receiving less than her due share of attention.

"Yes, indeed," assented Captain Malineff, eyeing the final adjustment of the bandage with forced interest. "Of that I am sure. And you did it?"

A long row of tiny black figures appeared momentarily on the crest of a distant down, to disappear as suddenly. A puff of white smoke leapt out of the air above them. Otherwise everything continued very peaceful, except for the little grey galloper in the middle-distance.

The girl laughed happily. "I had subsidised an errand-boy," she said, "with a bicycle. He came along the road, and as he passed the policeman—the one who was alone—he threw a bagful of flour in his face. It was just like a pantomime. Of course, all three policemen tried to catch him. And in the meantime I slipped out of the shadow of the tree and squirted the mess—it was horribly messy, petroleum and ink and all sorts of things—it quite ruined a new blouse I was wearing for the first time—white silk—I got it at Marshall and ——but, of course, you wouldn't understand what a loss it was. Well, I squirted it through the slit—where they put the letters, you know—

(All rights strictly reserved)

with my bicycle pump—and I was half a mile away before the policemen so much as knew I was there."

"It was magnificent," said Captain Malineff. "So you escaped."

She nodded emphatically. "And, what is more—of sixty letters in the box, eight were quite destroyed, so that they could not be delivered."

Captain Malineff frowned slightly. In reality it was at a bunch of men, with what looked like a market waggon, who had appeared upon a down-crest and seemed to be running round and round in circles. The Nurse, absorbed in her recollections, read the frown as signifying disapproval. She laughed scorntully. "Of course, you would not understand," she said. "The underlying principle. It was absolutely justifiable. Absolutely. We are fighting for Freedom. No sacrifice is too great."

"No, indeed," agreed the Captain, heartily.

"I might—they might have sent me to prison for three months," said the girl, with a touch of reminiscent horror. "You have no idea what that means. There is the hunger-strike, of course, but even that—ugh! A friend of mine was——. No—they may abuse us—revile us—attack us in the newspapers—but they will never defeat us—never."

"I am sure of it," said the Captain politely. He went forward, as he spoke, to meet the galloper. He took from him a small piece of paper that looked as if it had been torn out of a note-book and replied something, whereat the messenger saluted and galloped off down hill. Malineff came back, his every muscle telling of despairing apology at having to take his leave, though, perhaps, the look in his eyes told another story. The orderly who was leading his horse up and down came at his signal. He leapt into the saddle, quite neglecting his bandaged hand, saluted the Nurse, trotted towards the doctor in charge, whispered something, and then disappeared at full speed over the hill-crest behind the encampment. The Nurse stood in the entrance of the tent, her bosom still heaving at the recollection of her own and her sisters' heroism.

A long, wailing sigh sounded in the air over her head, rose to a scream, and slowly died away. Miss Hatherly had never heard anything quite like it. She looked up, but could see nothing. Almost at the same moment hundreds upon hundreds of little stocky men came swarming down the hillside behind her, opening out as they ran. They were so covered with the mud of day-long marches that their uniforms were barely distinguishable. Some of them had bandages about their heads, some limped, some staggered from very weariness, but they all had the same keen, set expression, and their eyes were very bright and fixed unswervingly upon the other side of the valley. Ten minutes later they were lost among the brown slopes, and the field hospital had melted away to a safer position on the further slope of the hill behind it.

. . . .

His expression had not changed at all. His eyes were brighter, perhaps, and there was a curious grey shadow over his face. In the position in which he was lying you could not see that a great part of his right side was gone, cut away so cleanly that even the stuff of his overcoat might have been shorn away by the scissors of a deft needlewoman. As she stood looking down at him the Nurse was curiously reminded of the last time she had been measured by Madame Villette, for that ravishing evening frock of blue *ninon* which had completed the conquest of Bobby Arkwell at the Beamish's subscription dance. There was nothing unpleasant about it, scarcely any blood; it seemed as though it had all been drained out of his body before they found him and brought him in. Curiously enough he was smiling. "We beat them," he whispered, as he recognised her face. "We beat them."

She found something rather disgusting, animal, man-like, in such boasting, at such a time. He must know he was dying—yet he could only think—frivolously, like a schoolboy—or a bulldog— She forced herself to smile down upon him and to lay a cool hand upon his forehead. It was the proper thing to do, she knew. It would be mere waste of time to argue with him.

"Tell me," he whispered, after a little. "You were telling me—when I had to leave you—about your friend—the hunger-strike——" He smiled.

It surprised, and yet pleased her, that he should remember what she had said, even then. It was neither the time nor the place for such things, but the dying should be humoured.

"She was sentenced to three months—in the second division—for ringing a fire alarm. She hunger-struck, and they had to release her after five days. Mrs. Marall—the President of the W.A.S.P., you know—has ordered her name to be inscribed on the Roll of Martyrs. It is splendid."

"It is, indeed, splendid," whispered the dying man.

"I knew you would think so," she said, enthusiastically. "Because, after all, you also have been fighting for freedom."

Captain Malineff, even in his extremity, had retained the power to express, by that wonderful apologetic shrug which is the despair of the Anglo-Saxon, his own unworthiness in the presence of superior virtue.

"Oh, but, indeed," he said, and his voice had grown very faint. "It is not to be mentioned in the same breath." And as he spoke he fell back dead.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

FOUR BYSTANDERS IN THE JUNGLE
Three of whom are lost in admiration of the fourth. The photograph was taken in the Indian jungle near Thana, Bombay, by Mr. Barrie Russell

Drawing All New York

FOREST WIMANT AND ANNA WILKES IN AMERICA'S LATEST COMIC-OPERA SUCCESS

New York's latest theatrical sensation is the new comic opera, "The Gipsy," with Mr. Forest Wimant and Miss Anna Wilkes in leading rôles. The two are seen here executing a typically American dance. The piece is full of breeziness and good songs, and is proving an enormous success

AVE, SICILIA! PHOTOGRAPHATURI TE SALUTANT!

This charming camera-picture, with its realistically classical setting, shows some of the delightful sea and hill-scapes to be enjoyed from Taormina, the loveliest spot in Sicily (with Isola Bella, or the beautiful island, on the right). It is never winter there, and this is the great season for English visitors in search of the overcoatless life—though the costumes shown are not to be taken as absolutely typical!

The Bystander in Sicily

THE FORTUNATE ISLE WHERE IT IS NEVER WINTER

The Gentle Sicilian

THE modern Sicilian is not in the least what one is led to expect. There is a fairly general idea about that he is a pretty desperate character, who pushes his penknife into you promptly if he dislikes the way you do your hair. But this impression—decidedly encouraged, I must say, by the throat-biting thrills of Cav. Grasso and company—has not much more foundation than the average company prospectus. No doubt the Sicilian has done his best to keep it up. We all like to be thought a devil of a fellow. But when you meet him face to face he is quite unable to conceal the fact that he has, in truth, a particularly charming and gentle personality.

A Winter Paradise

Perhaps it is his surroundings that help to make the Sicilian such an agreeable (though, strange to say, frugal and fairly industrious) sort of person—the sunshine, the soft, clear air, the grand yet friendly looking mountains, and, by no means last, the cheap living and good wine within the reach of all. It is never really winter in this fortunate isle. In January, when the season proper begins at that winter paradise, Taormina, the weather is already like May, and the oranges are ripening. By February you may see one of the most exquisite sights in the world—Taormina under almond blossom, with bright sunshine and blue sky above, bluer sea below, and the snowy summit of Etna like a gigantic sorbet in the distance.

Il Signor 'Ichens

There is a big majority of English and Americans among the visitors at the now fast-filling villas and hotels of Taormina, which in the last few years Mr. Robert Hichens and his novels have made known to thousands of English-speaking people who had never heard its name before. I quite expected to find a statue of him in the one and only street. Judge of my surprise, on making an inquiry about the author of "The Call of the Blood," to find that my Sicilian informant, who seemed to know everyone and everything in the tiny town, had never even heard of *il* Signor 'Ichens!

A Ducal Garden

One of the most charmingly situated villas, and certainly the most charming garden, all laid out in terraces right over the sea, belongs to the Duca di Brontë, better known as the Hon. Alec Hood. It is not very extensive, but, then, nothing is big in Taormina itself. When Nature is so grand and vast all round, a little house and a little garden suffice—the panorama does the rest. The mountains and the sea supply the back-cloth, just as in the ancient theatres.

Sight-Seeing in Solitude

There are some wonderful remains in Sicily of theatres, temples, and other Greek and Roman buildings. They seem even more splendid than they are, perhaps, in comparison with most of the famous Italian ruins, because they stand in open country, not built round and fenced, and can be seen, with luck, in solitude. There is even one, and one of the finest too, where you may spend a whole day and never hear the musical tongue of the Fatherland. I thought I did once, but it was only the driver of my carriage clearing his throat.

Hurried Travellers

I will not mention the name of this place, for I know that THE BYSTANDER is read by members of all known nations, including the one in question, who seem to make it a point of honour to invade every corner of Italy, for an hour or two, at any rate, with the immortal work of their famous fellow-countryman Baedeker in one hand and a watch in the other. Fortunately or unfortunately, it is not for me to say which, Sicily remains even to-day rather out of the beaten track.

Forgotten Glories

The old theatres, as I have said, are one of the attractions of Sicily, and, perhaps, the finest specimens are to be found in Syracuse. What visions that wonderful name calls up! They tell me that Syracuse is going to taste shortly something of a return to its old glories. But to-day the once great port would be a very one-horse place indeed but for its monuments of antiquity. Settle yourself down in the Roman amphitheatre just outside the town, or the Greek theatre close by—the best preserved in the world—with no company but a sandwich or two, a bottle of good Syracusan wine, and a little imagination, and what an exciting time you can have! It's better than any picture theatre!

Where Gladiators Fought

There, in the Roman amphitheatre, are the tiers of seats, almost perfect on one side, with the place of honour for the consul in the middle, and underneath it the broad passage-way by which the gladiators sallied out to salute the consul before starting their fight to the death. All round the edge of the arena is a low-roofed corridor. Here, between thick stone walls, with strong gates at each end, the wild beasts snarled and squabbled before they were let out into the arena to furnish for the assembled multitude the glorious sport of prisoner-baiting.

Roman Stage Management

In the middle of the arena is a great sunk water-tank, which was sometimes used to flood the whole place for a mimic naval battle, and on the side of this nearest to the consul's seat came the most exciting tit-bit of all. Half-way from the tank to the place of honour ran a narrow water-channel; for the rest of the way branches and twigs were set alight. The wild beasts, hunting the shrieking prisoners round the arena, were brought to a momentary stop by the combined obstacle of fire and water. They hesitated for a second, so the prisoners got a fresh start, and the agony was prolonged. They were artistic stage-managers, the Romans!

Help!!

Hark! the roar of a wild beast! We have conjured too well. Is it a half-starved, maddened lion that we hear? No. It is a well-fed Teuton gentleman, exclaiming "Prachtvoll! Kolossal." But we quit the arena hurriedly, all the same. F. L. M. D.

SUNSHINE AND SNOW: A WINTER STUDY AT TAORMINA

The young Sicilian, whose pose (and clothes) suggest his Grecian ancestry, is standing close to the spot where the Greeks first landed in Sicily—Naxos, where Theocles of Chalcis founded a colony in 735 B.C. In the background is the ever-snowy summit of Mount Etna

Fairyland—

FAIRY Tales, whether for Children or Grown-Ups, will always be popular. Most Fairy Tales nowadays are written for Grown-Ups. Children have become so precocious. They seem to have acquired something of the scientist's turn for investigation. They want to know such a very great deal, whereas, of course, the Grown-Ups are long past that stage. But Fairy Tales, like everything else to-day, must be modern to succeed. Useless your telling about the Fairy Godmother of lilliputian size, or of the Giant with Only One Eye. The godmother has no broomstick or yellow satin dress to-day, and the giant has lost his stature and gained an eye. Fairyland itself has ceased to be that queer, misty place just outside your garden, and has become the Garden, or even the House, itself. And the Fairies themselves no longer have gossamer wings or live conveniently in buttercups; rather are they flesh and blood. They even visit the best tailors. This must be in the nature of a concession to the Grown-Ups. . . .

—Up-to-Date

There is a Fairy Tale just published which the author has admirably, though unsuccessfully, disguised as a six-shilling novel. (After all, why should he not?) There are all kinds of Fairies in this book, and they all do fairylike things—or nearly all, as I was forgetting one Fairy who attempted to drown herself. The title of the book, by the way, is *St. Quin* (Alston Rivers: 6*s*.), and from what I have already written, you will naturally gather that the author is Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop. Now, the way in which Mr. Calthrop has gone about things is instructive. He appears to have consorted with all kinds of fashionable and unfashionable people, and found that both kinds have a hankering after Fairyland. Why not give it them? So there is brought into being an old English family called St. Quin—rich and landed and humane, and, but for one thing, like nearly all the other old families in the kingdom. The St. Quins, on coming down from Oxford, are given five years to spend as they will on a small allowance—before entering upon the life which tradition and respectable convention have decreed for them. And so at the beginning of Mr. Calthrop's frolicsome book you have Edmond St. Quin living precariously on the Continent, a guide in a nobleman's Italian palace, later a partner in a Parisian old furniture-dealer's business—a happy, bearded, disreputable person. Then, when the five years are over, he returns home to become the shaved and correct English gentleman once again. He marries, and lives the usual life of his caste. And then there comes to him, quite naturally and quite imperatively, that craving for Fairyland, which, as Mr. Calthrop knows well enough, is so extraordinarily prevalent among us.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MR. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

Whose new novel, "St. Quin," is reviewed on this page

The "Double" Life

Edmond's Fairyland is of a peculiar kind. Geographically speaking, it is an old panelled house which ought to have ghosts, and certainly has powder-closets. He engages as butler an old actor accustomed to "buttle" on the stage, as cook a French woman who, unfortunately, had lost her purse at Victoria Station, and as maid a young person with a baby. (I commend — though Mr. Calthrop does not—St. Quin's methods of engaging servants to all those who may find a difficulty in obtaining what they want at the Registry Offices.) The house even has its eighteenth-century Pamela in the person of the Fairy who tried to drown herself. And so Edmond spends his life between Society and this quaint backwater of a dream. But no Fairy Tale could end in this way. Edmond's wife, unknown to him, is also hankering after Fairyland, and—somehow—husband and wife find it together. Mr. Calthrop is in the front rank of fantastic writers: *St. Quin* is just what you expect from him, a quaintly alluring little piece of work which should set you hunting for Edmond's House. If you find the House, I daresay Mr. Calthrop would forgive your putting his own works by the side of those older works properly belonging to the date of its erection.

"The Knave of Diamonds"

Miss Ethel M. Dell's second novel, *The Knave of Diamonds* (Fisher Unwin: 6*s*.), should have as great a popularity as her first book, published just a year ago, enjoyed. As in *The Way of an Eagle*, the hero is peculiarly unlike most of our modern heroes. There is more than a bit of the devil in him—a touch, perhaps, of Nietzsche's superman. His name is Nap Errol, an American living in England. His contradictory qualities are possibly explained by the circumstances of his birth. The Errols themselves are very finely portrayed. Lucas, the eldest son, is a millionaire and a cripple, and the only man who seems to have any influence over Nap. Lady Carfax's

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relations with the Errols make up the greater portion of a story which I must judge by high standards. It is melodramatic, but in the right kind of way. And there is a chapter towards the end which should bring a lump to many throats. I could wish that Lady Carfax's husband had not been drawn to so conventional a mould—you cannot help comparing him with those other bold bad baronets so popular in the old Adelphi days—but this is only Miss Dell's second novel. Most people will agree with me in thinking that *The Knave of Diamonds* "makes good reading"—a useful phrase, this, which all the reviewers use, and everybody understands.

Old Trials

There is something fascinating about trials, and perhaps the most fascinating thing about them is that you are generally (and sometimes unreasonably) in vague sympathy with the prisoner or defendant, however monstrous he or she may have been. The old State Trials deserve to be read much more frequently than they are. A few of the more picturesque of these form the basis of the late Mr. Hugh Childer's *Romantic Trials of Three Centuries* (Lane: 12*s*. 6*d*. net). The really extraordinary case of Elizabeth Manning makes a good beginning. Many people, including Andrew Lang, have written of this remarkable young woman, over whose honesty the whole of England split itself into two factions one hundred and sixty years ago. And whatever may have been the truth, the story is certainly worth retelling. There is also a vignette of the Quaker Penn, of whom Macaulay has so many unpleasant things to say. That surprising person, the so-called Duchess of Kingston, and the infamous Dodd also come in for mention. An entertaining collection.

The First Book of the War

Books about the Balkan War will, of course, appear with some regularity during the next few months. The first has already been published—surely something of a record, as Messrs. Philip Gibbs's and Bernard Grant's *Adventures in War with Cross and Crescent* (Methuen: 2*s*. net) was actually issued some few days before the new year. The authors were the special correspondents respectively of the *Graphic* and the *Daily Mirror*. We heard a great deal of grumbling on the part of our correspondents, who seem to have been treated as legitimate prisoners of war, but one can hardly be surprised, in view of what happened in South Africa and elsewhere. War is not waged primarily for the benefit of correspondents. (This, I know, is a scandalously heretical doctrine to express in a paper.) And Mr. Gibbs, who was with the Bulgarians whenever they would let him, freely admits that he did not see much actual fighting. But "a battle," he says, "is not the most interesting thing in warfare," and after reading his experiences, one is inclined to agree with him. For he has succeeded in showing, to some considerable extent, the curious condition into which a war and nothing else will bring a country. Mr. Maurice Grant with the Turks was in one sense more fortunate than his colleague. For several weeks he was (more or less) at the front, and describes the appalling retreat of an army that was neither sufficiently officered nor sufficiently provisioned. Mr. Grant's photographs, with some of his brothers, add very considerably to the interest of the book.

RALPH STRAUS

WHY HAVE WE NOTHING LIKE IT IN LONDON?

The roof garden plays an important part in the life of the wealthy American citizen, and, in view of the utility of the idea, it is surprising that it has not been adopted in this country. The one depicted above is the property of Colonel Wilbur Dyer, and is situated on the roof of his house at the corner of 142nd Street and Riverside Drive, New York. From its windows an excellent view is obtainable of the lower Salisades and of the Hudson River as far north as Yonkers

Uric Acid Fallacies.

THE TRUTH ABOUT GOUT.

It is a very common fallacy amongst gouty sufferers, the belief that their trouble is due entirely to a disturbed or diseased condition of the kidneys, because it would be found on enquiry that in the large majority of gouty subjects the kidneys are perfectly sound and capable of fulfilling their appointed function of eliminating uric acid, the one common origin of gout in all its varied forms. How does it happen, then, that this dangerous substance remains in the system?

When excessive formation of uric acid takes place from any cause—such as errors in dieting, lack of exercise, or over-fatigue—then the liver and kidneys, healthy though they may be, cannot get rid of the overplus quickly enough, and excessive quantities of the harmful waste product are retained in the body.

At first the excess may be only very slight, but the process of uric acid impregnation remorselessly continues until the blood becomes saturated with the poison. The first noticeable effects of this are digestive troubles, heartburn, acidity, flatulence, constant and severe headache, liver pains in the right side of the body; mental depression and nervous irritability.

The gelatinous uric acid is soon converted into solid stony masses or sharply pointed crystals, in which forms it becomes embedded in joints and muscles. These deposits are the cause of those sharp fleeting pains, or dull aches which come on so unexpectedly and to the uninitiated so unaccountably. They form little hard lumps here and there under the surface of the skin. The piercing crystals penetrating the nerves cause those "pins and needles" sensations which are experienced in the limbs.

HOW GOUT ADVANCES.

Presently the gritty little particles of uric acid begin to fill up crevices in the joints, and fuse themselves together in firmer and harder deposits. The joint becomes embedded in a solid cement-like substance and swells enormously until movement becomes acutely painful and finally impossible. This variety is variously called rheumatic, chronic, or chalky gout. Other common results of uric acid excess are gouty rheumatism and lumbago, when the uric acid stiffens and hardens the muscles: sciatica and neuritis, when sharp crystals pierce the nerves of the thigh and arm like red-hot needles; kidney stone and gravel, when solid concretions form in the organs; and gouty eczema.

HOW TO DRIVE OUT URIC ACID.

It is gratifying to know that not only can the advanced stages of gout be effectively remedied, but its recurrence entirely prevented by the administration of the powerful uric acid solvents and eliminants known as Bishop's Varalettes. Bishop's Varalettes are the result of years of close investigation into the subject of uric acid and its solvents, and are made by an old-established firm of manufacturing chemists, whose products have for over half a century enjoyed the confidence and support of the medical profession. The best proof of the reliability of Bishop's Varalettes is that they are prescribed regularly by physicians, to whom their composition is well known. The action of Bishop's Varalettes is this. When they come into contact with the uratic deposits they enter into chemical combination with them. They completely change the character of uric acid. The effect of this is the formation of a new, harmless, and easily soluble compound. Without difficulty this is completely dissolved and washed out of the body. As a consequence of its removal, pains and aches depart, swellings subside, inflammation dies down, stiffness disappears.

IS SELF-DENIAL A NECESSITY?

So far from this being the case, it is a fact that some of the daintiest, choicest, most palatable and nourishing of foods may be freely partaken of by the gouty not only with safety but with decided advantage. The perusal of a recently published booklet on the subject of gouty dietary will convince you of the truth of the assertion, and show you how you may profit by it. This booklet tells you what foods you must avoid, as being gout provoking, but it gives a long list of permissible foods classified in detail, from which you can make up a variety of uric-acid-free meals.

A copy of this booklet will be sent post free on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (est. 1857), 48, Spelman St., London, N.E.

The Booklet contains also a non-technical but scientific description of uric acid disorders generally, giving information as to symptoms, and treatment that must commend it to everyone interested in the subject. Please ask for booklet A.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists in vials at 1s., 2s., and 5s. (25 days' treatment); or direct from the sole makers.

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THE SPORTING CLUB DE PARIS

A NEW RENDEZVOUS DE LUXE FOR SPORT LOVERS

THE cult of physical motion, as expressed in Saxon games, of which the French are now warm disciples, has found a new outlet in the Sporting Club de Paris, formally opened at Christmas with a *tournoi d'inauguration*. Primarily the Club is devoted to lawn tennis, but there are other things—Dutch bowls, for example, English billiards, cocktails at an American bar, shower-baths, and even five-course dinners. Your Frenchman likes to play his tennis cosily. He hates wind and rain and cold—that is why he plays, in the main, under cover. He likes to stoke the inner man before exercising the outer—that is why he caps his wine with coffee before going into court. He revels in new balls and bright blazers—that is why the subscription at the S.C.P. includes half a dozen new balls for every practice game and why the colours of the S.C.P. would wake a canary in the Latin Quarter. Of course, everybody does not do himself well in this way. I saw one fifteen-year-old youth, serving with the vigour of a Decugis on a side court, who told me he had swallowed nothing but a cup of hot milk since, the embodiment of youthful zeal, he had begun play three hours ago. That boy will be a champion if he isn't a consumptive.

Photograph *Topical*

MLLE. BROQUEDIS

The leading lady lawn tennis player of France

Paris has now three covered court clubs, and each is an improvement on the last. Indeed, the first—that at Auteuil—is now rebuilding so that it may vie with its successors. The S.C.P. (erected under the ægis of a sporting art connoisseur) has an area of 3,000 square metres, and cost nearly five times as many pounds to construct and equip. It has four courts, admirably arranged. Three are parallel, one—the big "show" court—runs alongside their baseline. But, of course, not too close to be uncomfortable. Oh, dear no! There is a side run of 4½ metres at each court and a run-back of 8½ metres to the big court. Plenty of tethering ground for the elephantine player! And the floor itself? Paris has not imitated Queen's or Dulwich. Its owner is an artist. He mixed wax with his paint instead of oil, and as a result you get no polish, but a grey-blue surface, something like a clear sky seen from the Strand. The light comes through the glass roof of an independent dome, and when that light fails recourse is made to electricity. Power to the strength of 7,500 candles is reflected over each court. Thus there is no interregnum at the S.C.P. Love may laugh at locksmiths; lawn tennis laughs at the clock.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. D. R. LARCOMBE

The lady lawn tennis champion of England, and winner in the Covered Courts Tournament of the new Sporting Club de Paris

When a new club advances in Paris all the leading players seem to follow it. They are not disloyal to their old clubs; it is the cult of motion again. So when I sat down in one of the luxurious basket-chairs beside the show court I was quite prepared to see Decugis, Laurentz, and Mlle. Broquedis. The first is the organiser-in-chief of the S.C.P.; the second might have been his lieutenant if he had not been suffering from the after-effects of bronchitis. Of Mlle. Broquedis, the Olympic Gold Medallist, I need only say that she annihilates the idea that the French girl cannot play Saxon games gracefully. Mrs. Larcombe, the English champion, was her chief opponent in Paris, and beat her after a thrilling match, but even Mrs. Larcombe's backhand drive, symmetrical in movement as that stroke is, loses some of its fascination when placed on the same court as the French champion's drive. And then Mlle. Broquedis serves overhead (yes; with a break) and Mrs. Larcombe serves underhand. Both deliveries are of the best so far as position for the next stroke is concerned, and I am not going to say which is the better. All I know is that an artist could paint no finer physical movement than Mlle. Broquedis serving overhead—a very pretty head, let me add.

Next year this dainty player is coming to Wimbledon—she will partner Laurentz in Mixed Doubles. Perhaps she will meet Mrs. Larcombe again, this time on grass. That is possible. What is certain is that the eyes of Wimbledon patrons will rivet themselves very firmly on Mlle. Marguerite Broquedis. A.W.M.

'Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honour—without the assault of argument.'

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"Remember that it has now been well proved that this disease (Pneumonia) owes its origin to the Tubercle Bacillus—a germ which is practically universal and ubiquitous, but which is unable to grow or to take root properly unless it can be undisturbed in its quarters for about eleven clear days. Now, what chance has such a germ to settle in the lungs of an individual who at stated times freely admits nearly eight times the normal amount of pure life-giving air, reaching to the farthest recesses of his lungs? Practically none."—A. BRYCE, M.D., D.P.H.

WINTER.

"All Nature feels the renovating force of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye in ruin seen."—THOMSON.

"All disease is the same in all parts of the body. Its cause, morbid humour, which obstructs the circulation of the blood and the electricity or motive power of the brain. Its source, Indigestion and Constipation, or the Putrefaction arising therefrom."—W. RUSSELL.

"Recent researches have led to the establishment of the fact, to the satisfaction of the medical profession of the whole civilised world, that the chief cause of the infirmities of old age, as well as of a large proportion of the diseases of adult life, is the process known as 'Auto-Intoxication,' or self-poisoning.

"This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs, or microbes, which infest the bowels, and which flourish most where bowel cleanliness least obtains.

"The dual problem therefore of maintaining health and postponing the evils of old age resolves itself into the question as to how intestinal putrefaction may be averted, or prevented, or in other words, how the bowel may be kept clean."—CHARLES REINHARDT, M.D.

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A Place in Canada for English Folk

New Homes in British Columbia

Owing to its picturesque scenery, luxurious vegetation, mild climate, and opportunities for sport, British Columbia appeals particularly to British people desiring to settle in Canada. Perhaps more money can be made by farming on the flat, treeless plains, but so far as home-making is concerned, British Columbia has no rival.

By reason of the great demand for agricultural land in this Province and the limited area accessible by rail, river, or lake to the markets where fruit or farm produce can be sold, the price of land in British Columbia has recently become somewhat high, but by the construction of a new branch line through the Upper Columbia Valley, the Canadian Pacific Railway has just opened up for settlement a very large district admirably suited to the taste of British settlers, and the amount of land available is such that an average price is charged of only £20 to £30 per acre for good irrigated land suitable for fruit or mixed farming. This district is on the lower slopes of the Selkirk Mountains on the western shores of Lake Windermere, and commands very beautiful views of the Rockies. It has a bright, sunny climate, with a soil which under irrigation is exceptionally fertile. In the neighbouring creeks excellent sport may be had—both big and small game—and owing to the number of families who have already settled here in anticipation of the railway, a golf course, a racecourse, and polo ground have been laid out.

A very large irrigation system is here under construction by the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruitlands Company, and in the neighbourhood of Wilmer and Invermere in the Windermere district the ditches are already completed and the water is now on.

Development Branch to Assist Settlers

In order to assist settlers who may not have had previous experience or knowledge of farming or fruit-growing, the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruitlands Company has now established a Development Branch, which, if desired, will advise them in all their farming operations at a moderate charge based on the individual case. This Development Branch has been placed under the direction of an experienced agricultural superintendent.

Until the Settler Arrives

In order to meet the case of those who intend to settle later on, but who find it impossible to get away immediately, this Development Branch will plant a settler's place, cultivate it, and look after it for a period extending over one, two, three, or four years at cost, plus a small overhead charge for superintendence.

Hotel and Telephones

A large, comfortable hotel has been built at the neighbouring townsite of Invermere, where the headquarters of the Company are located. Telephone lines have been established connecting the settlers, and everything possible is being done to advance their convenience and comfort.

Advice to Investors

The experience of history is that there is no safer or more profitable investment of capital than investment in land where the population is increasing. That increase in population means an increase in demand for land, and a corresponding increase in land values. Now, the steady stream of settlement pouring into British Columbia, and more particularly into the Columbia Valley, now that the railway is being constructed, is, in the opinion of those who have studied the question, only the beginning of a still heavier immigration and still closer settlement. There is, therefore, every reason to anticipate that those who purchase land in the Windermere district of the Columbia Valley now while prices are low will have the satisfaction of seeing their holdings steadily increase in value.

Opportunities for Those on the Spot

For young men the opportunities afforded by a new country are unlimited. New businesses and new industries are springing up every day, in which money can be profitably invested. It is, however, only those on the spot who can take proper advantage of these opportunities. The purchase and settlement of twenty or forty acres does not compel the purchaser to remain only a farmer all his life. From his twenty or forty-acre patch he can take part in many profitable local enterprises which would otherwise have been unknown to him.

A Welcome to Women Farmers

In these days of woman's independence, when girls set out to earn their own living, it is, perhaps, not out of place to point out that the opportunities for making a comfortable living out of dairy farming, chicken raising, and flower growing—branches of agriculture in which women are particularly successful—are nowhere in the world greater than in British Columbia, where so much of this produce is imported and fetches high prices. The Company has the greatest confidence in recommending young women who are fond of an out-door life to club together in small groups and run dairy and poultry farms with small gardens attached. Every assistance will be given to such.

Fifty thousand acres in the Windermere District of the Columbia Valley are being prepared for settlement by the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruitlands Company, and a number of families have had houses built for them, and have settled down in their new homes. A great many more have the intention of going there this spring and summer. Anyone who desires further information about this district should write to or call at the offices of the Land Department, Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.; 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol; Royal Liver Building, Pierhead, Liverpool; or 161, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

THE 'VARSITY EIGHTS IN EMBRYO

The Oxford President, accompanied by E. D. Horsfall (Magdalen), coaching an eight from the submerged towpath last week. At Cambridge two crews have been out daily instead of the hitherto customary one

NO. 1 CAMBRIDGE CREW ON THEIR FIRST OUTING

A Test of Greatness

I have come to the conclusion that a Rugby footballer's greatness is best measured not by the number of those who think him great, but by the earnestness with which those who do not think him great cling to their belief. This sounds somewhat paradoxical, but it is true. If a man is a good, or even a very good, player he has his admirers—probably a great many—and that is all; people who don't happen to admire him don't bother to say so. But if he is a great player there is always a minority—a minority of men who may be presumed to know what they are talking about—who will have none of him, and, moreover, are at some pains to show why they will have none of him. Not so very long ago we had the Raphaelites and the anti-Raphaelites; to-day we have the Poultonites and the anti-Poultonites, and also the Adrian Stoopists and the anti-Adrian Stoopists. Poulton, last Saturday week, gained the distinction of being the only player to cross the "Springboks'" line in an international match (he very nearly did it twice), and yet there are men going about to-day—good judges of the game too—who are strongly of opinion that Poulton, in the long run, does more harm than good to the side which he plays for. The fact that they have the courage to maintain this view affords the best possible proof, to my way of thinking, that Poulton is a really great player.

England Team v. Wales

The anti-Poultonites are, perhaps, rather under a cloud just now for obvious reasons, but the anti-Stoopists have the weight of the Rugby Union Selection Committee's opinion behind them. I must confess to being a Stoopist, and I am disappointed that Adrian Stoop has not been chosen against Wales next Saturday. Davies is a very fine half-back except in the all-important matter of giving passes. His passes in the Trials were nearly always of the difficult order, and the same fault was apparent against the Africans. This is the real reason why F. M. Stoop, who had to take a great many of these passes, looked to be playing below his form, with the further result that he has been superseded. His supplanter, F. E. Steinthal, is an old Oxford Blue, and will very likely justify his selection, but his inclusion means that the last remnant of the idea of choosing men who have played together before goes by the board. If F. M. Stoop had been retained and Davies replaced by Adrian Stoop, we should, at any rate, have had three Harlequins—the two Stoops and Poulton—in close touch with each other in the "jumping off" position; or, if F. H. Knott had been chosen as stand-off half, we should have had, also in close proximity, the three people who did the damage for Oxford in 1911, Cheesman, Knott, and Poulton. As it is, we can only hope that Davies, having got through his first (and very momentous) international with credit, if not with *éclat*, will, with the aid of Cheesman, make things a bit easier for the men behind him than he did on January 4. Of the forwards I need say nothing. They can be trusted to do *their* part.

H. S. S.

Photo Hills and Saunders

F. E. STEINTHAL

England's new Rugby International three-quarter. He is an old Oxford Blue, and is now about the best "centre" in the North of England

The Prospects of 1913: St. Andrews—

HAVING consigned 1912 to the realms of history, we can now cast a look forward and consider the prospects of the lusty infant that has supplanted it. For if there is one thing that golf teaches more than any other it is the paramount necessity of letting the dead bury its dead and keeping the mind fixed on what is ahead. More golf matches have been lost by dwelling on some missed putt or foozled approach when we thought we had the hole safe in our keeping than by any other cause. So let us forget the missed putts and foozled approaches of 1912 and fix our minds on the glories of 1913. The year will be notable for one thing if for nothing else. The two Championships will be played on the two courses which critics still consider the best tests of golf in its highest form, and which rigid purists would like to see selected as the only Championship courses. The Amateur Championship comes first, and will begin on May 26 at St. Andrews on the glorious old course, which, in spite of the dirges sung over it last year, has once more renewed its youth, and will probably be found, when the tournament starts, to be as good as ever. There is the more reason to anticipate this eventuality seeing that St. Andrews is no longer a house divided against itself, but has become a happy family. The authorities will no longer be distracted by internecine rivalries and squabbles, and Club and Town Council will work unitedly for the care and preservation of the links. This year, too, will see the commencement of the fourth course at St. Andrews, which, it is hoped, will relieve the congestion which three courses have so far failed to cope with.

—And Hoylake

The greatest event of the golfing year, the Open Championship, will commence on June 19 at Hoylake, the course of the Royal Liverpool Club, now their very own. The course will be much the same as it was in 1907, when the Championship was last fought out there. On that occasion a French name, that of Arnaud Massy, was inscribed for the first time on the list of winners. Some few alterations in the position of certain tees have been made, but in its main features the course will be unaltered. Following the example of the Honourable Company, the Hoylake authorities have arranged matters so that a Sunday shall intervene between the playing of the qualifying rounds and the Championship proper. The Sunday rest, when wisely used, is invaluable for a man straining for premier honours, though little birds have whispered that it was disastrous in one case last year. There has been a rumour of an invasion by American amateurs and professionals in the case of both Championships. Let us hope that the rumour may turn out to be well founded. Nothing pleases us better than the presence of the cheery and excellent American golfers. They could not choose a better year for coming, for we can show them nothing finer or more satisfactory than the old courses at St. Andrews and Hoylake. ERNEST LEHMANN

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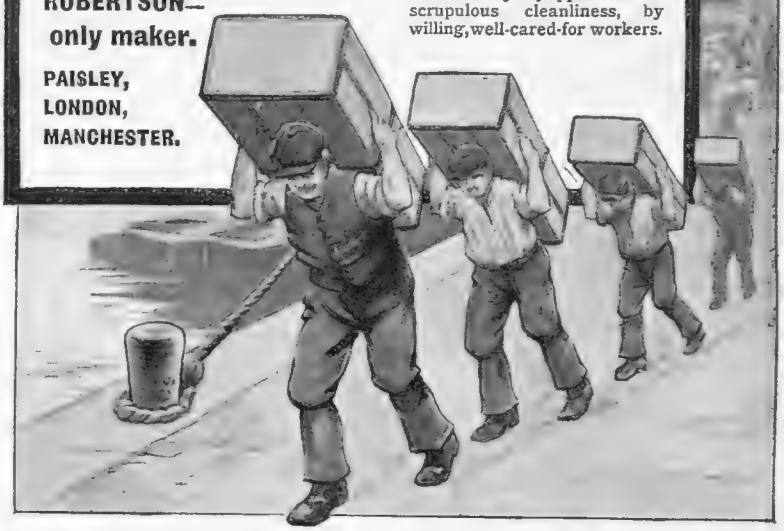

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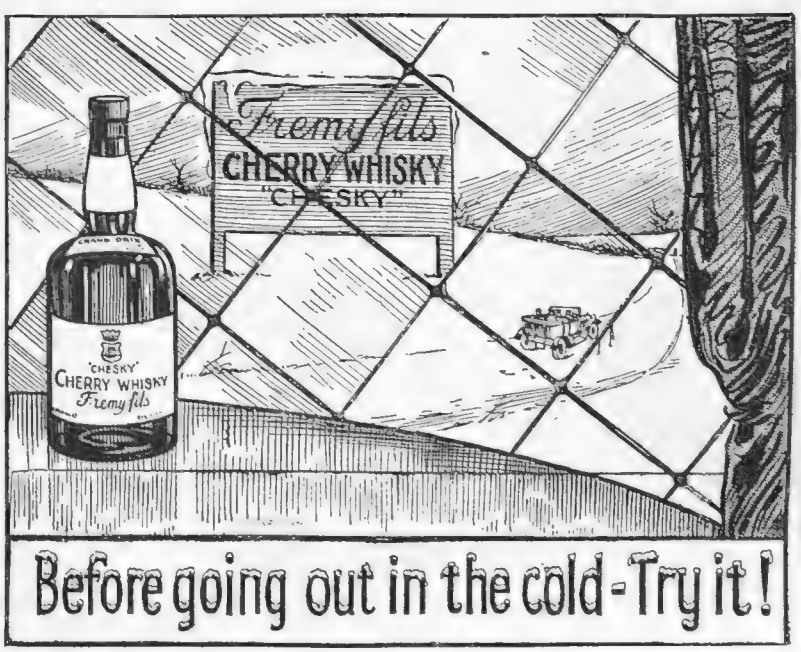

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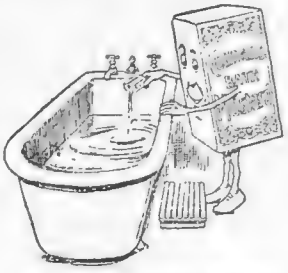

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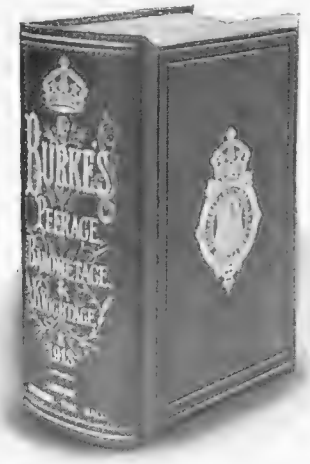

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Chasing the Stag in France

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A MEET OF PRINCE MURAT'S FAMOUS STAG-HOUNDS IN THE CHANTILLY FOREST

THE HUNTED STAG AT BAY

THE FIELD OFF TO DRAW

Photographs

THE QUARRY TAKES TO THE WATER FOLLOWED BY HOUNDS

Royer

AFTER THE KILL: CUTTING UP THE STAG

Followers of stag-hounds in France, like those of the Devon and Somerset in England, claim to hunt the wild deer, and not the animal of the carted variety, as so many English hunts do. The quarry is followed until it is either lost or pulled down and killed. As to "The Bystander's" view on staghunting, we cannot do better than repeat what we said in publishing some similar pictures in March, 1910, namely, that it is impossible to refrain from some expression of sorrow that this very cruel sport should still have so large a following. The pictures we publish above cannot but provoke profound sympathy with the poor hunted animal in the hearts of all true sportsmen

HUNTING & RACING

WELL OVER!
Major Croft, Master of the Enfield Staghounds, taking a fence, at a meet of the hunt at Northaw

HUNTING

Quality of the Season

WHEN hunting people come to compare notes at the close of the season, what will the verdict be? I think there will be considerable satisfaction in most countries. In a few of the most fashionable districts of the Midlands there are complaints of moderate scent, but the New Year has brought unmistakable signs of an improvement in this direction. The Pytchley, for example, began the year with a very fine nine and a half mile point from Yelvertoft, whereas that pack had really not had a gallop worth mentioning previously. It is often the case that the second half of the season sees the best sport in the Midlands, and providing the weather remains favourable it may be so this time. The Quorn have been doing better since Christmas than they did the early part of the winter, though it was unlucky for them to be deprived of the services of their excellent huntsman, George Leaf, the victim of a bad fall early in the present year. By a curious coincidence the two famous neighbouring packs, the Quorn and the Cottesmore, have both lost their huntsmen recently. Tom Isaac, who is making a great reputation in Leicestershire, has been laid aside by a severe illness, which unfitted him for his work to such an extent that he had to go to Harrogate to recuperate.

Coming Changes

This is the time of the year when we hear of many impending changes of Mastership. At the present moment the number of resignations seems to be slightly below the average, but in all probability plenty more will be announced. From the Four Burrow country I learn that Mr. Aubrey Wallis will not continue in the Mastership beyond the end of the season. This news has rather surprised me, for I know that Mr. Wallis has shown a great deal of good sport with his excellent pack, and I know, too, that he himself has derived much enjoyment from his work of hunting them. I understand, however, that trouble has arisen in regard to the prevalence of trapping, and this is a source of complaint one frequently hears spoken of in foxhunting countries of Devon and Cornwall. Mr. Wallis is a keen foxhunter whom it will not be easy adequately to replace in the Four Burrow country. I hear, too, that there is a likelihood of the Mastership of the West Kent Hounds becoming vacant. It has been held for several seasons past by Mr. C. Bernard Kidd, a keen young sportsman who qualified for the ambitious work of hunting a pack of foxhounds by putting in a lot of time with the Trinity Foot Beagles when up at Cambridge. There is no better school than beagling for the future foxhunter, and many famous M.F.H.'s have graduated in it. A. W. C.

RACING NOTIONS

The Season Ahead

The publication last week of the entries for the Lincolnshire Handicap and other interesting spring races is a reminder of the near approach of another flat-racing season. How strange it will be to begin the year this time at Kempton Park instead of at Lincoln. Those racing reporters who have from time immemorial talked of "The saddling bell on the Carholme" on the opening day of the season will this time be deprived of their pet phrase. I have an idea that an exceedingly interesting season lies before us. Craganour was undoubtedly a smashing two-year-old but I think something will be found to beat him in the Derby. Apart from the three-year-olds, however, we should have plenty of excitement. Both Prince Palatine and Stedfast are still in training, and a renewal of their rivalry will be one of the most fascinating features of the year. There are still many people not yet satisfied that Prince Palatine is the better horse of the two over a mile and a half. There was practically nothing between them on the Eclipse Stakes, while in the Jockey Club Stakes Stedfast's form was undoubtedly all wrong. Possibly Tracery or Lomond will be good enough to beat both of them in the Cup races, but I have my doubts.

Selections

There ought to be some interesting racing this week at Hurst Park. So far steeplechasing has not been particularly lively, in spite of the open winter with which it is being favoured. On Friday the New Year Hurdle Handicap may be won by **Growler** and the Surbiton Steeplechase by **Lord Rivers.** On the following day **The Lurcher** may secure the Middlesex Steeplechase and **Sir Oracle** the Amateurs' Hurdle Race. CARBINE

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9 0	x 6 0	2 8 0	... 1 16 0
9 0	x 7 6	3 0 0	... 2 5 0
9 0	x 9 0	3 12 0	... 2 14 0
10 6	x 7 6	3 10 0	... 2 12 6
10 6	x 9 0	4 4 0	... 3 3 0
10 6	x 10 6	4 18 0	... 3 13 6
12 0	x 9 0	4 16 0	... 3 12 0
12 0	x 12 6	5 12 0	... 4 4 0

ft. in.	ft. in.	Regular price	Reduced to
12 0	x 12 0	£6 8 0	£4 16 0
13 6	x 6 0	3 12 0	... 2 14 0
13 6	x 7 6	4 10 0	... 5 7 6
13 6	x 9 0	5 8 0	... 4 1 0
13 6	x 10 6	6 6 0	... 4 14 6
13 6	x 12 0	7 4 0	... 5 8 0
15 0	x 7 6	5 0 0	... 3 15 0
15 0	x 9 0	6 0 0	... 4 10 0
15 0	x 10 6	7 0 0	... 5 5 0
15 0	x 12 0	8 0 0	... 6 0 0

ft. in.	ft. in.	Regular price	Reduced to
16 6	x 9 0	£6 12 0	£4 19 0
16 6	x 13 6	9 18 0	... 7 8 6
16 6	x 15 0	11 0 0	... 8 5 0
18 0	x 9 0	7 4 0	... 5 8 0
18 0	x 12 0	9 12 6	... 7 4 0
18 0	x 13 6	10 16 3	... 8 2 0
18 0	x 15 0	12 0 0	... 9 0 0
19 6	x 13 6	11 14 0	... 8 15 6

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3 0	x 1 6	0 5 9	... 0 3 11
3 6	x 2 0	0 9 0	... 0 6 0
5 4	x 2 3	0 15 6	... 0 10 6

ft. in.	ft. in.	Usual price	Reduced to
5 7	x 2 6	£0 18 0	£0 12 2
6 0	x 3 0	1 3 3	... 0 15 9
7 6	x 4 6	2 3 9	... 1 9 6
9 0	x 3 0	1 15 0	... 1 3 9

ft. in.	ft. in.	Usual price	Reduced to
9 6	x 4 6	£2 15 3	£1 17 6
10 6	x 3 0	1 19 6	... 1 7 9
12 0	x 3 0	2 6 6	... 1 11 6
12 0	x 6 9	5 5 0	... 3 11 0

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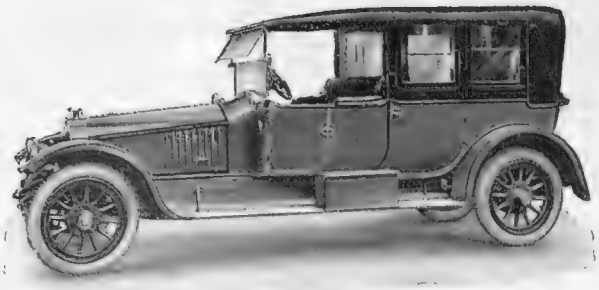

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A cabriolet type of the 15 h.-p. Straker-Squire, recently acquired by Col. Seely, Secretary of State for War

In Answer to Criticism

A certain *section* of the technical Press takes exception to what it calls a "tirade which has appeared in certain of the lay Press directed against the Royal Automobile Club concerning the decision of its Technical Committee in the matter of the Dewar Trophy." THE BYSTANDER happens to be one of the "certain of the lay Press," although it did not indulge in a "tirade." I wrote that, as the Dewar Trophy had to be awarded to the most meritorious performance of the year under the R.A.C. certified trial conditions, the R.A.C. should have made the award. The R.A.C. did *not* make the award. That is an allegation of neglect or incompetence. The R.A.C. had several important trials to make choice from. I mentioned one—the Cadillac self-starting trial and the Cadillac electric lighting trial. The same electrical equipment provides the current for the self-starter and for the electric light. It provides current for several other purposes also, but these need not concern us at the moment. Self-starting and electric lighting are sufficient.

The Cadillac Case Again

The Cadillac people wanted a test of the efficiency of their electrical equipment for starting and lighting purposes. The tests were conducted separately, but they were manifestly two phases of a single installation. For the purposes of a true estimate of the value of this equipment to the private motorist both tests had to be considered together. If the R.A.C. separated the two and delayed the award of one of the certificates until it was too late for the performance to count to the credit of the installation for the purposes of the Dewar Trophy award of 1912, then the R.A.C. was guilty of neglect and mismanagement. If this did *not* happen, the R.A.C. is still guilty of neglect in not making the award to somebody, seeing it had several claimants to the trophy to deal with. If it *did* happen, then the mismanagement count is justifiably added to the [illegible] of neglect in the indictment [illegible] count [illegible] of the R.A.C.

Neglect and Mismanagement

The point is that the R.A.C., as this technical protestant (defeating the main part of its purpose by making common cause with "certain of the lay Press") admits, "abrogated its duties" in not making the award. There were the Steelastic Tyre test, a test of a very considerable value to the motorist, and the Stewart Paraffin Carburettor test in addition. Which of the three was the most meritorious? Which was the best contribution to the evolution of the automobile and the service of the motorist? It is not a question of the percentage of merit being low by comparison with the merit of devices which won the trophy in previous years. It is a question of the best of the competitors in 1912. If all were equal the R.A.C. could have said so. If all were not equal, then the best can claim the trophy. The only construction to be placed upon the action of the R.A.C. is that it could not decide. It "abrogated its duties," either because it could not or it would not discharge its clear obligations. That is neglect, and as neglect cannot be good management, it must be mismanagement. "The tirade which has appeared in certain of the lay Press" seems to be justified.

The Need for Change

The fact of the matter is, I fear, that the R.A.C. cannot do all the jobs it has undertaken. It tries to look after the interests of the rank and file and

it tries to look after the interests of the trade. It has fallen dismally between the two. A considerable section of the trade regard it as incompetent in trade affairs, and a considerable section of private motorists have lost all confidence in it. The advertising value of its official trials has fallen very low indeed. Its Road Guide scheme, frankly operated in competition with the A.A. Scout, has left the Scout entirely unaffected, while its latest effort to secure financial support to maintain the Guides seems to have raised something of a storm among the Associates, who are the backbone of its numerical strength. Its impotence in Parliamentary affairs is common comment. Its lack of initiative in matters where it might lead to advantage is only equalled by the apathetic flaccidity which often characterises the work it *does* undertake. It is disdainfully lordly and aloof on the one hand, and on the other it is scrambling for custom like any retailer of small commodities. It lacks in perspective, in foresight, in powers of organisation, and in those business qualities necessary to the successful co-ordination of its departmental activities. Sooner or later it must leave competition and try co-operation. It must cease wasting its resources upon fights which cannot be productive of anything except waste. It must agree to a definition of territory. It and the A.A. are organisations of private motorists. There is plenty for each to do, and there is no reason why each cannot do its work without friction. A scheme should be well within the range of possibility that must result in an alliance to mutual benefit, that would not rob a member of either body of a single advantage, that would be a guarantee of progressive development in advantages. When the R.A.C. frankly recognises that and frankly endeavours to give effect to the recognition we shall get ahead. As it is, the R.A.C. is being warned by its best friends and most ardent supporters that its house requires ordering, that its attitude requires reformation, and that its methods require revolution.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY

THE INVINCIBLE IN THE AUSTRALIAN ALPS

"Where the pine-clad ridges raise their torn and rugged battlements," as the Banjo Pateson writes, the Talbot can still penetrate. In the illustration, a six-cylinder Talbot is being washed in a tributary of the poet's Snowy River

In Compression

The business of S. F. Edge, Ltd., having been acquired by D. Napier and Sons, Ltd., the former company necessarily goes into voluntary liquidation. That is merely a legal condition. Napiers take over all liabilities, and the business proceeds as usual. The only difference is consolidation, which, with Mr. H. T. Vane at the helm, should make for the certain and continued progress of one of the pioneer firms in the British industry. All success to D. Napier and Sons, Ltd.

From Messrs. David Moseley and Sons, of Manchester, comes a very neat, excellently arranged, and stoutly bound Tyre Mileage Book, in which the motorist can keep in tabloid form for immediate reference full particulars of the running and service of every tyre on his car, the cost of each, when put on, when taken off, and why, cost per mile—everything, in short, he must know if he would keep a comparative statement and judge for himself of the tyre of greatest economy. Tyre cost being the principal item of running expenditure, a book so well devised must come very acceptably indeed. It is being sold for 3s.

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THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 476.—Vol. XXXVII. Wednesday, January 15, 1913 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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The stabling consists of 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, man's room, and coach-house; small farmery; excellent cottage; the gardens are especially charming, being laid out in grass terraces with steps, tennis and croquet lawns, flower gardens, fine walled kitchen garden, etc., the remainder consisting of rich parklike lands.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (4,718)

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STABLING FOR 7, HEATED GARAGE, AND USEFUL OUTBUILDINGS. COTTAGE.

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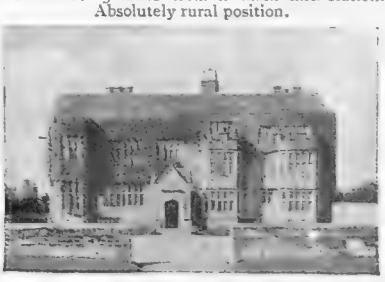

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300 yds. carriage drive, with lodge.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

EXCELLENT STABLING. COACHMAN'S AND GARDENER'S COTTAGES.

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A PERFECT KENTISH ESTATE, APPEALING TO BUYERS OF REFINED TASTES.

NEAR CANTERBURY.—An IMPOSING and BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN-STYLE MANSION, in perfect order: 2 large lounge halls, 3 handsome reception, full-sized billiard, 2 bath, 15 bedrooms.

NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 35 ACRES.

Excellent stabling, motor garage, 11 cottages; hot-water radiators, main water, acetylene gas. BARGAIN, £8,000. Actual income from cottages, fruit and land, £174 2s. per annum.

EXECUTORS' BARGAIN.

GODALMING (in a charming rural situation).—For SALE, the above depicted picturesque creeper-clad RESIDENCE, approached by avenue drive, with pretty lodge at entrance;

Main water; electric light, gas, telephone;

good stabling; beautifully timbered and shrubbed pleasure grounds, wide spreading lawns, flower beds, and pasture-land, of NEARLY 8 ACRES. 18-hole golf course, 1 mile; boating and fishing; sandy soil. Bargain, £3,000.

A TYPICAL OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE.

ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms; full of oak; perfect order.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS AND GRASSLANDS 13 ACRES.

Company's water; acetylene gas; shooting, hunting, golf. Price, £2,500.—Photos, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

QUITE A SHOW PLACE, NOTED FOR THE EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY OF ITS PLEASURE GROUNDS.

ON A SPUR OF THE COTSWOLDS. ADJOINING A FAMOUS GOLF COURSE.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLACK-AND-WHITE RESIDENCE, above depicted, contains: lofty lounge hall, 4 magnificent reception, billiard, bath, 17 bed and dressing rooms.

MAIN WATER. GAS. MODERN DRAINAGE.

Picturesque entrance lodge, 9 cottages, small farmery, NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 36 ACRES. Bargain, £9,000, or offer.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

DORSET (near Blandford).—A delightful old QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE: large lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 10 bedrooms; stabling, motor garage, gardener's and coachman's cottages; beautiful pleasure grounds and pasture-land of nearly

9 ACRES, BOUNDED BY A RIVER

affording excellent trout fishing. Golf near. Bargain, £3,500.

ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL PROPERTIES IN SURREY.

FOR SALE, FINE OLD MANSION, beautifully situated midst lovely country: 20 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bath, boudoir, billiard, and suite of 5 handsome reception rooms. BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS AND RICHLY TIMBERED PARK, 75 ACRES. Stabling for 6, cottage, farmery, 2 lodges; electric light; Company's water. Moderate price.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

COMMANDING FINEST VIEWS IN SUSSEX.

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A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 70 ACRES. WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

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TO BE SOLD, OR LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

A fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber are exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glasshouses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Apply, Box K 3,242, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

500ft. UP, WITH FULL SOUTHERN ASPECT.

An ideal Small Estate amidst glorious surroundings.

DORKING AND LEITH HILL DISTRICT.—For SALE, one of the most perfect modern RESIDENCES extant, occupying a really superb position on a hill, with

PANORAMIC VIEWS OF SURPASSING CHARM.

It is in irreproachable order throughout, with luxurious appointments, has all possible conveniences, including electric light. Lounge hall, 3 excellent reception and full-sized billiard rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths. First-rate stabling, garage, model farmery, fitted laundry, 3 cottages.

DELIGHTFUL LANDSCAPE GARDENS, finely timbered, spreading lawns, tennis courts, rose and Italian gardens, kitchen garden, glass, and paddocks, in all 20 acres.

NEAR VILLAGE, STATION, AND GOLF. AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN PRICE WILL BE ACCEPTED.

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425ft. above sea level. South aspect. Gravel soil.

FOR SALE AT A LOW PRICE, an exceptionally fine RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE of nearly 300 ACRES. The House is situate in the centre of the Estate, right back from the road, and contains: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, complete offices, 13 bedrooms, bathroom.

FINELY TIMBERED OLD GARDENS.

Stabling for 10; model homestead; 8 cottages; shooting lodge.—Box WG 12, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

45 MINUTES' MOTOR RUN OF TOWN.

4 reception, billiard room, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling; farmery; motor-house; cottage and lodge.

SURREY (within easy reach of a main line station, and ONLY 45 MINUTES' MOTOR DRIVE FROM HYDE PARK).—To be SOLD, an

EXCEEDINGLY CHOICE COUNTRY PROPERTY,

in a lovely position well away from road, approached by pretty drive with lodge, in the centre of WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS and park-like land of about

47 ACRES,

surrounded by NOBLEMEN'S ESTATES. —Box H 20, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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THE "ASHCROFT" BOILER.

This Boiler is very Suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

	Size	To Heat 4in. Pipe	Tappings	Dia. of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No 1	12in. x 8in.	40ft.	1in.	4in.	£1 12 6
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,, 3	12in. x 16in.	80ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 11 0

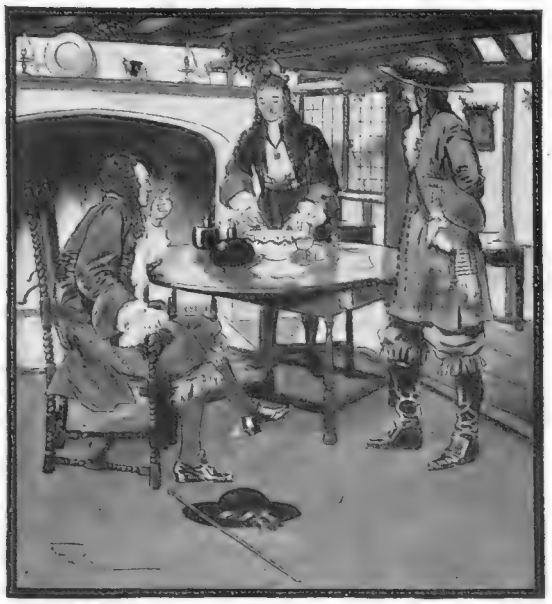
GREENHOUSE	ft in.	ft. in.	ft in.
No 1 Boiler,	11 0 x	11 0 x	8 0
,, 2 ,,	11 0 x	16 0 x	8 0
,, 3 ,,	11 0 x	21 0 x	8 6

GARAGE	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft.in.
No. 1 Boiler,	20 0 x	20 0 x	10 0
,, 2 ,,	23 0 x	23 0 x	13 0
,, 3 ,,	28 0 x	28 0 x	10 0

Or Same Area.

5 MINUTES FROM AND OVERLOOKING GOLF LINKS.

LOVELY RYE.—To be SOLD, an exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE, beautifully placed and commanding LOVELY VIEWS: 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS of 1¼ acres, and an orchard of 1 acre can be had adjoining. Price, only £3,000.—Box H 14,558, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.



A famous old-brand smoking mixture, rich, flavoury, and soothing as fine old punch. Always a seasonable luxury for smokers who have a decided relish for good things—and as pure and wholesome as it is cool and fragrant.

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THREE NUNS

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"King's Head" is similar, but stronger.

Both are obtainable everywhere at

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CIGARETTES

3d. for 10.

No. 238

"Made as well and shaves as well as any Guinea Razor."

Put the CLEMAK side by side with the safety razor offered at a guinea. You will then see it is the equal of the other razor—and costs you 16/- less. Then why pay a guinea?

Every Shave a Safe Shave!

Safest. **Outlasts all others.**

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

Shaves Easiest. **No dull blades.**

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New Model Set with Twelve Blades 7/6
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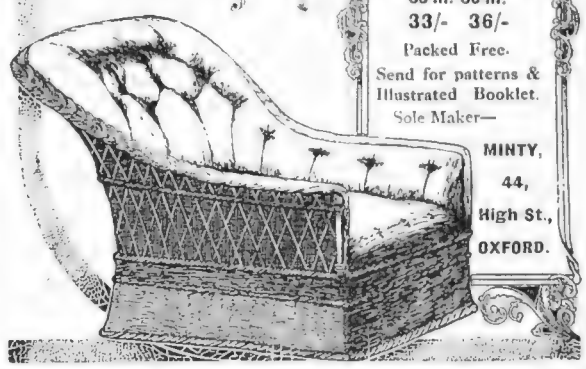

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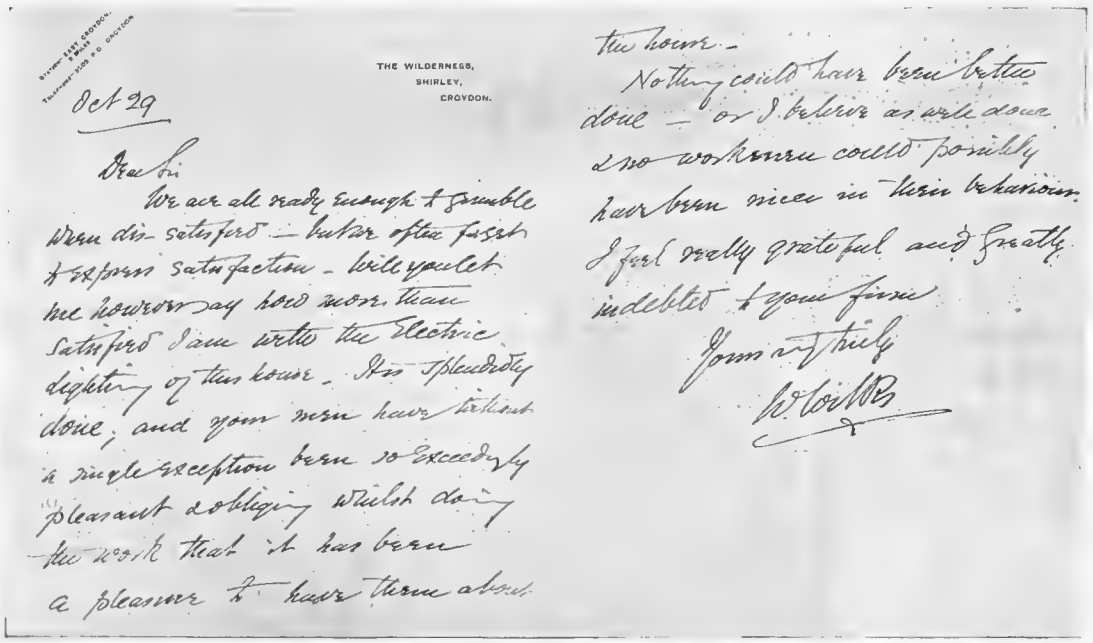
THE WILDERNESS,
SHIRLEY,
CROYDON.

Oct 29

Dear Sir

We are all ready enough to grumble when dis-satisfied — but we often forget to express satisfaction — will you let me however say how more than satisfied I am with the Electric lighting of this house. It is splendidly done; and your men have without a single exception been so exceedingly pleasant & obliging whilst doing the work that it has been a pleasure to have them about the house.

Nothing could have been better done — or I believe as well done & no workmen could possibly have been nicer in their behaviour. I feel really grateful and greatly indebted to your firm

Yours very truly

W. Coutts

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By Special Appointment to
H.M. THE QUEEN-MOTHER OF ITALY
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ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS OF
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awarded for Excellence.
NO OTHER DENTIFRICE
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Containing neither Acid nor Grit.
Does not injure the Enamel.

SAMPLES 2d. Post Free from Depôt E, 203, REGENT ST., W.

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"How to Disinfect" Book Free.

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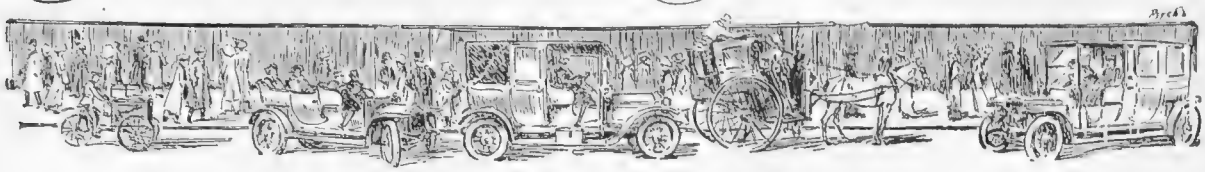
Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

Fun and Festivity

FROM his Majesty King Baby, whose carriage stops the way, to youths and flappers, the story is all one long stream of fun and festivity. Would I had as many pounds as dresses I have lately devised for parties, fancy balls, and children's plays, although the work was pleasant enough. The picturesque girl about eight or nine years especially appeals to me, one who lends herself to frocks worn by children painted by Reynolds, Romney, and Greuze. These are, for the most part, extremely simple designs, fashioned of *ninon de soie*, a latter-day substitute for, and infinitely more effective than, the old-time lawn. But always is there the soft falling frill of the same material, or the most cobwebby of lace. And more often than not a *ceinture* of old blue or rose *nuances* absolutely toned to those expressed by the pigments of the old masters.

An Important Point

And I have learnt, through my recent experiences, of the important part the head plays in these schemes. There is a certain soft draped ribbon, tied in a *nœud* just a little to one side of the front, this ribbon initially passing round the head, like a wreath over the hair, that is singularly effective with rather short curls. But a small maiden of my intimate acquaintance who has dark auburn hair that is soft, but rather straight, is wearing with her picture-frock after Reynolds a quaint little quasi-cap of old lace. Needless to say, she is a child who can carry off something a trifle extreme, and I foresee many followers coming to grief. No one but those who have really studied the subject have any conception how strangely individual children are.

Photo] THE VOGUE FOR VELVETEEN *[Talbot*

This is once more revealed in our pictured gown. The feature of this design is the long, slightly draped over-skirt, almost like a long coat, the deep cape-like collar that falls over the shoulders imparting a becoming breadth to the figure, and, incidentally, revealing a little parti-coloured Arabian embroidery

Another of my young friends is essentially *chic*. She can wear the tightest and shortest of skirts, a narrow Salome band of velvet pressed well forward over her brow, and is the staunchest devotee of black silk stockings and shoes. Her most effective get-up comprises a handkerchief lawn frock, embroidered *à jour*, the latter forming a short waist, overhanging little corsage that might almost be described as a bolero, the edge of which is thrown into high relief by a straight *ceinture* of black velvet, finished by a flat bow with ends at the back.

A Chance Not to be Missed

Those who would fain replenish their stock of *lingerie* blouses should hurry up a visit to Walpole Bros., 89-90, New Bond Street, where the January sale is still in progress, and finding all the appreciation it deserves as an absolutely genuine clearance. In the selection that prevails there will be found the simplest of shirts and the smartest of blouses, a fact I have taken care to have pictorially demonstrated. The shirt depicted is of fine quality washing silk, of some particular number that means volumes to the initiated. But what will generally suffice is that it washes without losing any of its value. And the price is only 25*s.* 6*d.*

Nothing genuine without the Ganesh Trade Mark.

Mrs. ADAIR

92, NEW BOND STREET (OXFORD ST. END), **LONDON, W.** Telephone: GERRARD 3782.

PARIS; NEW YORK.

The Ganesh Chin Strap will remove a double chin and preserve the contour of the face, 21/6, 25/6.

Mrs. Adair is recommended by the Medical Profession and Patronised by Royalty.

MRS. JACK MAY writes in *Country Life*:—". . . . It was only when I got outside that Fatigue once more claimed me for her own, and the glass in the hansom revealed a haggard face, with deep purple circles round weary eyes. 'What shall we do?' I cried to my companion, who was powdering her nose with the energy of despair. 'I cannot face a big dinner-party to-night with such a mask as this!' My friend is a woman of intelligence and action. 'I know,' she said, as she snapped her powder puff into her little gold-meshed purse, 'we'll go and sample **Mrs. Adair!**' And in a few minutes we were at **92, NEW BOND STREET,** and had poured our tale of woe into handsome **Mrs. Adair's** kindly ears. 'I think we can set matters right,' she said with a smile, and, calling two pretty girls, we were soon reposing in two comfortable armchairs, and half the fatigue and the dreadful 'drawn' feeling of the skin of the face seemed to vanish under the preliminary application of '**Diable Skin Tonic**' (**21/6, 10/6, 7/6 and 5/6**), for cleansing and bracing the face, followed by the '**Ganesh Eastern Oil (30/6, 21/6, 10/6 and 5/6) and Cream**' (**10/6, 6/6 and 3/6**), which was patted into the skin with an extraordinary movement, for Mrs. Adair's cardinal principle is that the skin should never be pushed or pulled in any way, on account of its elasticity. The patting or drumming movements brace up the muscles underneath the skin, and that is the result to aim at, for if the muscles are firm and full there can be no puffiness or slackness of the skin. The whole treatment was so extraordinarily soothing and restful, especially round and over the eyes and eyelids, that I went to sleep; but when I woke up at the end of an hour, and was told by the smiling operator to look at myself in the glass, I could hardly believe that the rosy face and bright eyes I saw therein belonged to the same haggard countenance I had brought there an hour and a half previously. **Such magic must be seen and experienced to be believed, and I could see I was not made up in any way."**

The really useful book, "How to Restore and Retain the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," sent by return free of charge. CONSULTATION FREE.

Make This Cake For Your New Year's Parties.

HERE is a splendid recipe for use with the wonderful Sandow's Health Food Baking Powder that everyone is talking about, and all thoughtful mothers and careful housewives are using.

It is the recipe for Mr. SANDOW'S IDEAL CAKE, and it will delight every guest to your home as well as father and the children

To make a Sandow Cake about 2¾lbs., 11oz. of Flour, 9oz. of Sugar, 6oz. of Butter, 1½oz of Sandow's Vanillin Sugar, ¾lb. of Sultanas, 1 new laid Egg, and ½ teaspoonful of Sandow's Baking Powder.

Be sure you use SANDOW'S BAKING POWDER and no other. It makes all cakes and pastry lighter, more evenly disintegrated, more nutritious and more digestible, and saves time and labour. It makes six cakes instead of five from the same amount of mixture, and costs no more. It gives to all cakes valuable phosphate elements which are wonderfully advantageous in the food of growing children.

SANDOW'S GP BAKING POWDER

Buy & Profit by a 1d Packet to-day.

"MY MASTER'S VALUABLES ARE SECURE."

CASH BOXES from £2 0 0 to £5 0 0

An Ideal Present for a Gentleman

LOCKS, BOLTS, AND BARS *may* **FLY ASUNDER,** *But not* **TO RIFLE, ROB, OR PLUNDER**

("The Wolf," with apologies)

If your Cash or Jewels are safe in a

"TRUSTY" Alarm Box.

GOLD MEDAL	GOLD MEDAL
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A necessity to all who wish to secure the SAFETY of their valuables at home or on their travels.

Nothing to get out of order.

SIMPLE, RELIABLE, EFFECTIVE.

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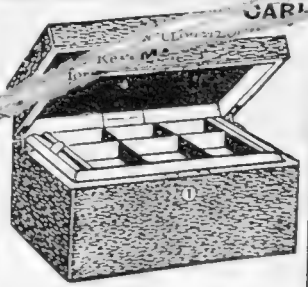
These **Portable Safes** are a lifetime insurance against burglary, for which there is **ONLY ONE PREMIUM to pay—the initial cost.** The Cash Boxes are made in Solid Steel. Jewel Cases in Steel Japanned, and Steel or Hardwood Leather covered, in various dainty colours lined, in



THE TIMES ... movement ... says: "The slightest ... puts the alarm in motion." ... says: "The many frequent ... of jewel cases that take ... while ladies are travelling would seem to be rendered practically impossible."

Special Sizes and Requirements made to order.

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TAILOR MADES

French Staff.

Mascotte

89, PARK STREET, PARK LANE, W.

Madame ELVIRA

SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE (Under Royal Patronage),

4a, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.

Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

HOW TO BECOME GRACEFUL

A Pretty Chin.

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Colonel's wife writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—my double chin has quite disappeared!" Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Dozens of testimonials can be seen. Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth. She has never had a failure, and her treatment, which is quite unique, can be perfectly carried out by ladies in their own homes.

Of adorable *chic* is the companion blouse of tucked *ninon de soie* and Valenciennes lace, lines of insertion alternating with the *ninon de soie* finely hand-tucked, while in front there falls a flat-pleated *jabot* from the base of a quasi-Robespierre collar. The latter, it may be observed, is entirely of lace, as are also the deep flat-pleated ruffles finishing the long sleeves. Needless to say, the authorities here have made the very most of the opportunities now offered for creating the most extravagantly beautiful *lingerie* blouses. On the other hand, they are equally well-equipped with such inexpensive requirements as a girl's shirt of Japanese silk at 12*s.* 6*d.* And just at the moment they are very appreciably reducing a number of net, crochet, and other lace models, these in many instances being dropped to half the original cost price, as is also the case with the few model teagowns left, a range

BARGAIN BLOUSES

The one of fine quality washing silk, and the other of tucked ninon de soie and valenciennes lace, obtainable from Messrs. Walpole Bros., 89-90, New Bond Street, whose "lingerie" sale is still in progress

of flannel dressing-gowns, Walpole's exclusive designs, starting at 19*s.* 11*d.* Perhaps, though, one of the most extraordinary bargains offered is the charming rest-gown of silk *broché*, trimmed with swansdown, and lined through with soft silk. This is known as the "Week-End Rest Gown," as it is soft and light and simple, and can be folded up into a compass small enough to go into a suit-case. And the sale price is but 53*s.* 9*d.*

Boys' and Girls' Outfits, etc.

Here, again, you have a sale of consistently genuine character. There are no special purchases or forced lines to dispose of, but only Messrs. Samuel's known standard quality of goods. The bargain possibilities at this house are verily enormous, and wardrobes of both adults and children can be replenished at a saving that may be taken as an illuminative text for the year.

An offer of particularly imminent interest pertains to boys and girls school outfits. Trouser suits, for instance, including a vest, to fit boys from thirteen to sixteen years, are to be picked up at prices ranging from 15*s.* 6*d.* to 29*s.* 6*d.* instead of 27*s.* 6*d.* to 42*s.* Knicker suits, again, originally fetching anything from 15*s.* 6*d.* to 35*s.*, are now only 8*s.* 11*d.* to 23*s.* 6*d.*, the price rising according to size.

For ladies and girls there are hundreds of bargains, such as a 3gn. coat and skirt for 1gn. or 30*s.* and a raincoat for 16*s.* 6*d.* The firm, it is interesting to learn, have just completed extensive alterations to their Ludgate Hill premises, including the installation of an electric passenger lift to all departments.

Sporting Headgear

I had a look round at Messrs. Dunhill's, 2, Conduit Street, the other day, and came away more than ever impressed by the cleverness and real originality of the sporting headgear here. For those who can and care to wear them, the motoring bonnets are fascinating. But, at the same time, the hats designed toward that particular end are equally practical. One model of singularly attractive character is of gold and coloured *paillette*, the brim rolled up from the face with velvet; while another for sturdy wear is built of ratine or beaver cloth, and is completed by a veil run through slides at the side. These pieces of headgear produced by Dunhill are no transitory possessions, and, taking the fact of their splendid durability into consideration, the prices asked are extremely moderate.

Perennial Perfumes

Unique in its way is the Crown Lavender Salts produced by the celebrated Crown Perfumery Company. Lavender is more than an agreeable perfume. It has an old-fashioned reputation for repelling unwholesome odours and rendering every infection harmless. Outstanding among the perfumes produced by the Crown Perfumery Company is the famous "Iroma." This perfume requires no fewer than sixty different ingredients to produce the exclusive and elusive fragrance for which it is celebrated. Ambergris from the South Sea Islands, rare woods from the forests of South America, musk from the musk deer of Asia, dainty blooms from Africa and the South of France, all these and many more give their fragrance to make "Iroma." The Crown Perfumery Company also manufacture Jasmin del Pais Soap, which is similar in perfume to the Jasmin del Pais Perfume.

£250 REWARD If She Fails.

WRINKLES.

FREE BEAUTY COUPON.

GOOD TO-MORROW FOR THIS WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BEAUTY SPECIALIST.

Are you wearing a wrinklea mask? If you are, won't you let me tell you now to get rid of it? I have done it for thousands, and I can do it for you.

1,000 TREATMENTS ABSOLUTELY FREE.

An opportunity is now offered every reader of this paper to consult the world's most famous beauty specialist, Harriett Meta, of Paris and London, absolutely free.

A little over three years ago there was nothing known which, in our judgment, would actually remove wrinkles, but at that time Mlle. Meta made the important discovery which has since made her famous in two Continents.

She demonstrated the great power of her new process by taking her own wrinkles out with it in three nights, after face massage, masks, straps, steaming-pots, etc., had all failed, and to-day Mlle. Meta's face is still free from wrinkles, her cheeks full and plump, and her skin and complexion are a delight to behold. In fact, by many she is considered the most beautiful woman in all Paris.

Her remarkable discovery was brought before the judges of the Paris International Exposition and the Rome Exposition Internationale for their investigation, and in both instances they quickly awarded her Gold Medals thereon. The French Government also honoured her with a patent on her new process, and patents are now pending before the U.S. Government at Washington.

London journals sent their Beauty Editresses to investigate her methods, and their high endorsements of her discoveries made her famous almost overnight, so that she was eagerly sought after by French Countesses and English Ladies of high title and rank. The Beauty Editress of the London "Onlooker" wrote:—"An interview with Mlle. Meta left me persuaded that here at last might be found the secret to restore youth and beauty."

Many of those who have used her process report most astonishing results. Mrs. Mary J. Davis, of East St. Louis, Ill., says:—"My wrinkles were very deep and of long standing, so you can imagine my surprise when, after only two applications, they entirely disappeared." Mrs. L. E. Haskell, of 2502, Clay Street, San Francisco, writes:—"I am fifty years old. Consequently my wrinkles were of long standing, and I had not thought it possible to erase them, but now when I view my changed reflection in the mirror I can scarcely realise the transformation that has been wrought." Mrs. M. A. Edwards, of Raleigh, N.C., says:—"Since using the treatment I look younger than I did twenty-five years ago." Countess Radsch, of St. James's, S.W., writes:—"I have used your treatment just as you directed, and the result is simply wonderful. In spite of some of the lines having been deeply marked, they have now completely vanished, leaving the skin beautifully soft and smooth. I consider your treatment truly marvellous, and am sure anyone who gives it a trial will endorse my opinion."

Since Mlle. Meta made her remarkable discovery imitators have naturally sprung up all over the country. Some of them have copied Mlle. Meta's advertisements and literature to such an extent that the public is often at a loss to distinguish the imitation from the real. We are therefore authorised to announce the following remarkable offer, which cannot fail to convince you as to who is who.

Mlle. Meta will forfeit £250 in gold if she fails to prove that she holds nine Gold Medals and three Grands Prix on her discoveries from International Expositions. She will forfeit £250 in gold if anyone can prove that she did not take out her own wrinkles with it in three nights, exactly as she claims. She will forfeit £250 in gold if every testimonial and sworn statement which she publishes is not absolutely genuine. She will forfeit £250 in gold if anyone can show advertisements similar to hers published in any newspaper or magazine prior to the publication of her advertisements.

Arrangements have now been made with this famous Beauty Specialist, whereby for the next ten days 1,000 of her Beauty Treatments for the removal of wrinkles will be offered absolutely free to ladies. Readers of THE BYSTANDER should not hesitate to take prompt advantage of this generous offer. It may never be repeated. Thousands of her treatments have been created, every corner of the globe for 21s. each sold in the Coupon and YOU may obtain Simply use not delay, but write to-day obtain it free. Do stamps, if convenient, for enclosing two penny address your letter to cover posting expenses, and 212, Great Portland Harriett Meta (Dept. 129S), letter will reach Street, London, W. Your receive prompt attention.

WRINKLES.

FULL GUINEA TREATMENT FREE.

Cut out this Coupon to-day (or write and mention No. 129S) and post it to the noted Beauty Specialist, Harriett Meta (Dept. 129S,) 212, Great Portland Street, London, W. You will receive full plan for obtaining her world-famous treatment for removing Wrinkles, value 21s., ABSOLUTELY FREE. Good for next ten days to BYSTANDER readers. If convenient, enclose two penny stamps for posting expenses.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

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about Southalls' Towels is that they are made of an original and perfectly hygienic material.

It is thoroughly antiseptic, comfortable, and absorbs evenly throughout by capillary attraction. Only in

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can this material be obtained, and only Southalls' have the correct shaping, improved ends, easy attachment, and extra thickness.

Southalls' Towels are most economical and last longest. One trial will prove their great superiority over substitutes and the diaper.

Southalls' are sold by Drapers, Chemists, etc., in packets of 1 doz at 6d., 1/-, 1/6 and 2/-

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HALF-PRICE DURING JANUARY.

SPORTING SUITS (coat and knicker breeches), various styles, in Gabardine and Tweeds, 52/6, usual price, 5 gns.; LOUNGE SUITS, in Tweeds, 52/6, usual price, 5 gns.; URBITOR TOP-COATS, in grey, green, brown, and drab Coatings, 42/-, usual price, 4 gns.; RUSITOR MOTOR-COATS, 73/6, usual price, 7 gns.

For full list write for SALE CATALOGUE, post free.

BURBERRYS, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

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THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

CALOX Liberates Oxygen in use.

CALOX Whitens, Preserves, Purifies.

Whether or not you use Calox depends upon the value you set upon your teeth.

Calox is the one dental preparation which does everything short of what a dentist himself can do to keep your teeth and mouth in perfect health. Use it bi-daily and white teeth, sweet breath, firm gums are assured

SAMPLE FREE!

Calox is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere in non-wasting boxes at 1/1½. Calox Tooth Brush reaches every part of every tooth, 1/-

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 75, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

The Editor's Box

Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

The pantomime has this week given way to *East Lynne*, while *The Whip* opens on Monday next.

"Burke's Peerage"

"Burke's Peerage" for 1913 retains all its well-known features, and has been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. In fact, so up to date is it that alterations and additions were made to within a day or two of the volume's publication. Smart work, indeed! Burke's gives full particulars of every titled family; not only of the actual holder of the title, but of all previous holders and of all possible successors. In addition to hereditary honours, it treats with the personal honours of Privy Councillors, Knights, and Companions of Orders, etc. It explains in fullest detail the precedence or rank of one person above another. This admirable work of reference is published at £2 2s.

To Visitors to the Riviera

Those going to the Riviera should make sure of reserving seats, etc., in advance by application to the offices of the Sleeping Car Company, 20, Cockspur Street, S.W., whence the Calais-Mediterranean express is controlled.

Ronuk's Honoured

Ronuk, Ltd., proprietors of Ronuk Sanitary Polish, have had the honour to receive a Royal Warrant of Appointment to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

Try It!

We have frequently recommended the use of Mulhen's "4711" Eau de Cologne. Another very useful toilet article emanating from the same house is the "4711" Eau de Cologne Soap. It is manufactured only from the purest materials, is super-fatted, and very pleasant in use. It only wants to be tried to make many new friends.

Warrant of Appointment

Messrs. J. Foot and Son, Ltd., of 171, New Bond Street, London, W., have recently been appointed by Royal Warrant Adjustable Chair-makers to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

An Interesting Bazaar

The Children's League of Pity coming-of-age bazaar is opened to-day (Tuesday) by H.M. Queen Amélie of Portugal at the Caxton Hall, Westminster. Presidents of the different attractive stalls include H.R.H. Princess Alexander of Teck, H.H. Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, the Marchioness of Winchester, the Countess of Clarendon, the Marchioness Camden, the Countess of Clanwilliam, etc. On Thursday afternoon there is to be a café chantant, at which, among others, the Misses Jean Aylwin, Phyllis Dare, and Ivy St. Helier and Mr. George Grossmith have promised to appear. The bazaar remains open till Friday inclusive.

January Bargains

Burberrys announce that they are disposing of their famous weatherproofs at half price during this month. Sporting suits (coat and knicker-breeches), various styles in Gabardine and tweeds, usually priced at 5 gns., are now going for 2½ gns., similar prices obtaining in lounge suits in tweeds. For full particulars of above and many other bargains write to Burberrys, Haymarket, W., for their sale catalogue, which will be sent to applicants post free.

The Menu: RECHERCHÉ COOKERY (A LITTLE DINNER)

Potage Crême d'Orge (Barley Soup with Cream)
Fillets of Brill with Wine Sauce
Venison Cutlets (Polish Style)
Poulet à la Milanaise (Chicken with Macaroni)
Stuffed Bananas with Strawberries
Croûtes à l'Espagnole (Spanish Croûtes)

Potage Crême d'Orge

Wash 1oz. of pearl-barley in several waters, put it in a Wa[illegible] three pints of white stock, stir over the stew-pan with a [illegible] let simmer slowly for two hours, fire until it boils, then [illegible] and a little grated nutmeg. season with salt, pepper, [illegible]urn to the stew-pan, heat Rub all through a fine sieve, ret[illegible]soup, together with a up a gill of cream, and add it to the [illegible]gain until it is pinch of sugar and 1oz. of butter; stir a[illegible] some fried thoroughly hot, but do not let it boil. Place bread croûtons into a tureen, and serve.

Fillets of Brill with Wine Sauce

Trim the fillets of brill as neatly as possible and cut into even sizes. Place them in a buttered sauté-pan, season with salt and pepper, moisten with a wineglassful of white wine and about a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup; add also one blade of mace and two shallots, peeled and cut in two. Cover with buttered paper, and cook in a moderate oven for about a quarter of an hour. In the meantime prepare a white roux with 1oz. of butter and ¾oz. of flour, moisten with a gill of fish stock, a little boiled milk, and the liquor from the fillets; stir until it boils, and let simmer for fifteen minutes. Cut six small mushrooms in slices, season and strain the sauce, add the yolk of an egg, and heat up long enough to form the liaison, then add the mushrooms, which have been cooked in butter. Dish up the fish, pour over the sauce, and serve.

Venison Cutlets (Polish Style)

Cut eight or ten slices half an inch in thickness from a leg of venison, flatten each slice with a cutlet bat and trim neatly. Heat up 1oz. of butter in a sauté-pan, and cook the slices until they are nicely browned on both sides. Have ready a sauce prepared as follows: Crush twelve juniper berries and cook them with half a gill of wine-vinegar; to this add a tablespoonful of meat glaze or Lemco, half a pint of velouté sauce, and let it simmer gently from ten to fifteen minutes. Strain the sauce, season, and whisk in ½oz. of fresh butter. Arrange the slices of venison in an entrée-dish, pour the sauce over, and serve hot.

Poulet à la Milanaise

One cooked chicken, quarter of a pint of tomato sauce, quarter of a pint of Espagnole sauce, ¼lb. of macaroni, seasoning, a few drops of tarragon vinegar. Boil in a pan about two quarts of slightly salted water, then put in the macaroni, and let it boil for twenty minutes, when it will be quite firm. Drain it. Boil the chicken in stock, cut it into joints, and place it in the mixed sauces made hot, add the macaroni, seasoning, and a few drops of vinegar or lemon-juice. Stir these ingredients together for three-quarters of an hour, until the chicken is quite hot and tender. Dish on a hot dish, arrange the macaroni to form a bed, and the pieces of chicken on the top.

Stuffed Bananas with Strawberries

Choose bananas of a good colour, wipe them with a cloth, cut off the stems, and split them in halves lengthwise. Scoop out carefully the soft portion, and put it in a basin; add to it one gill of preserved strawberry pulp, which should be well reduced, without being burnt; when cold add one glass of Curaçoa, a few drops of lemon-juice, and a little castor sugar, if necessary. Fill the banana skins with the prepared purée, place each two halves together, tie up with string, and place on ice. When required for serving, remove the string and replace it with a piece of narrow white or pink ribbon. Dish up neatly and serve.

Croûtes à l'Espagnole

Stamp out eighteen round slices of white bread, about an inch and a half in diameter and one-eighth of an inch thick. Fry them in butter, and drain them on paper. Stone the same number of large Spanish olives by means of a sharp cutter. Fill them with some stiffly made tartare sauce, put a little of the same in the centre of each croûton, place an olive on each of them, and curl an anchovy fillet neatly round each, then dish up. Garnish the sides with finely chopped hard-boiled egg and sprigs of parsley. Keep the dish in a cool place until required for table.

EMILIA

To Sufferers from
INDIGESTION

For the many and distressing forms which Indigestion takes Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made by Savory and Moore, are an excellent remedy. Testimony:—

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FLUSHING AND FACE BURNING.—"I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges. I have tried many remedies, but have found nothing to equal them. Since taking them I have not suffered from that terrible Flushing and Face Burning after meals. I can honestly, and will, recommend them to all my friends. They are so handy to carry about and most pleasant to take."—M. Blake, 2, Grant Road, Addiscombe, Croydon.

Boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. of all Chemists.

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of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1*d.* for postage, and mentioning *The Bystander*, to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond Street, London, W.

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Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers.

(FOUNDED 1871.)

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation,
LIMITED.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Head Office: 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; **or**

£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

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The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

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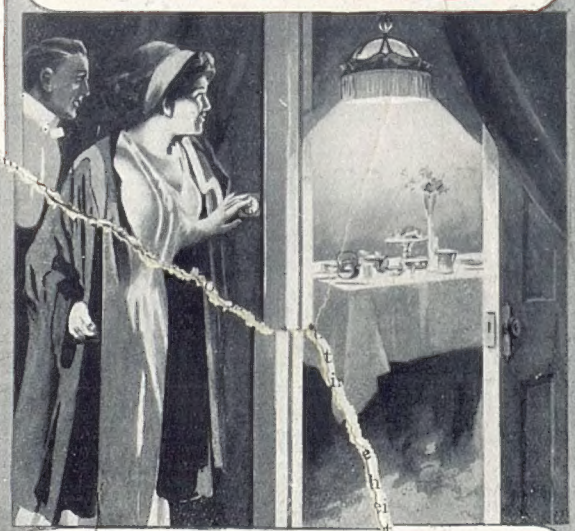

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